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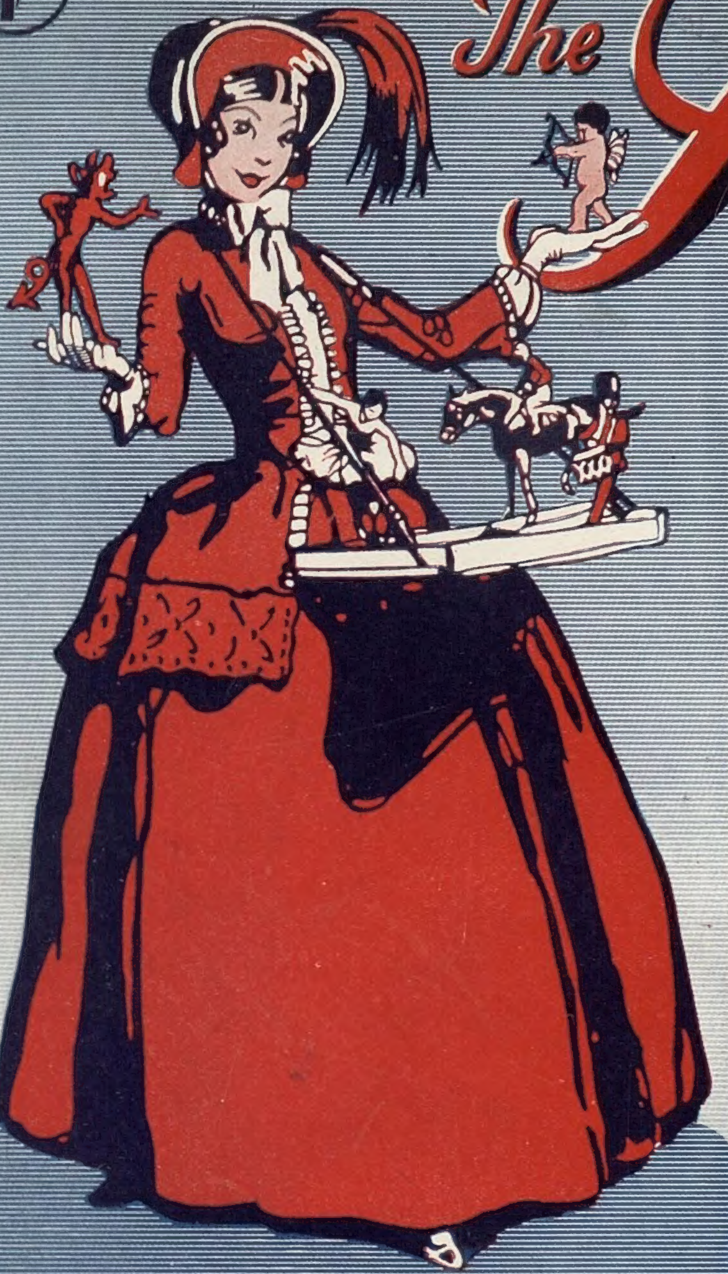

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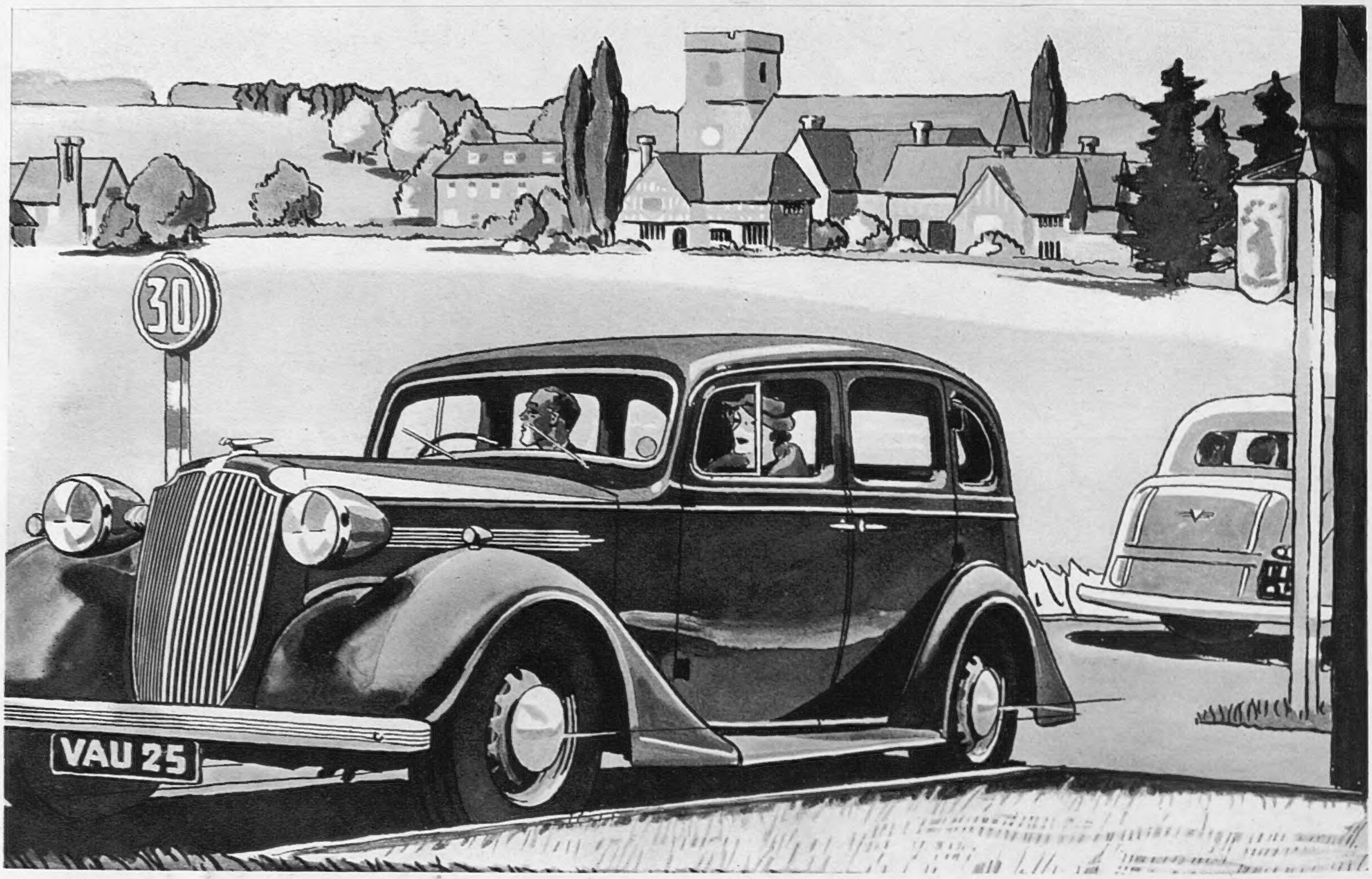

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The Sketch

No. 2309—Vol. CLXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD.

A CANOPY-BEARER TO THE QUEEN: THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY *is one of the four Duchesses chosen to carry the Canopy over her Majesty the Queen at the Coronation. The others are the Duchess of Rutland, the Duchess of Norfolk, and the Duchess of Roxburghe. The Duchess of Buccleuch was Miss Mollie Lascelles, and married the eighth Duke of Buccleuch and tenth Duke of Queensberry (then Earl of Dalkeith) in 1921. She is the sister-in-law of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

NOTHING TO DO.

THE late Mr. G. K. Chesterton may or may not have been wholly in earnest when he wrote as follows in his "Autobiography": "There are some who complain of a man for doing nothing; there are some, still more mysterious and amazing, who complain of having nothing to do. When actually presented with some beautiful blank hours or days, they will grumble at their blankness. When given the gift of loneliness, which is the gift of liberty, they will cast it away; they will destroy it deliberately with some dreadful game with cards or a little ball. I speak only for myself; I know it takes all sorts to make a world; but I cannot repress a shudder when I see them throwing away their hard-won holidays by doing something. For my own part, I never can get enough Nothing to do. I feel as if I had never had leisure to unpack a tenth part of the luggage of my life and thoughts."

Few of us ever do get that leisure; and for that very reason, it has the glamour of all unattainable things. Sometimes men get it unexpectedly; sometimes they get it by spending most of their lives in working for it; and usually, as soon as they have acquired it, they find it disappointing. There are towns in England full of "retired" men who are desperately bored with retirement, though they have longed for it and toiled for it during many hard years. Mr. Chesterton, however, suggests that it is their own fault if they are bored, when they have such a glorious opportunity to "unpack the luggage of their life and thoughts." But we do not all possess as much to pack and unpack as Mr. Chesterton possessed throughout his life. We cannot all say, with the same confidence that he could say: "My mind to me a kingdom is." Actually, I doubt whether Mr. Chesterton, with all the leisure in the world, would have spent much of it in doing nothing. A man is not doing nothing because he is sitting still, silent, and solitary. He may be working very hard. I should say that Buddha was working very hard all the time he was sitting and contemplating his middle. I rather suspect that if Mr. Chesterton ever adopted a Buddha-like attitude, the result (perhaps in spite of himself) was a new Father Brown story, or some other bright invention in prose or poetry. He was not a man who could easily "make the mind a blank," and you are not really doing nothing unless your mind is a blank. And, of course, Mr. Chesterton was not, like the well-known village worthy, either "sitting and thinking" or "nobbut sitting"; he was talking, and talking well.

Which should, no doubt, be one of the best and brightest occupations of our hours of ease. Mr. Chesterton would probably have put it that saying something is the best form of doing nothing. So it is, at all events, among millions of mankind. Throughout large parts of the East, and in nearly all primitive societies, when men have leisure, their constant and unfailing relaxation is just talking. Joseph Conrad remarks somewhere that among the Malays, whom he knew so well, this is the chief pleasure of life; and if you have ever heard Chinese or Indian or Arab coolies sitting chattering at the fall of the evening, you will have realised what the gift of speech means to them. We highly civilised moderns are often told that we are throwing away this gift. "The art of conversation is lost." The days, and the spirit, of the Mermaid Tavern, and the Johnson circle, and the *salons*, have gone beyond recall. They have been killed by "some dreadful game with cards or a little ball."

I dare say it is all very true and all very sad. At its best, the conversation of the *salons*—a studied, subtle, and highly technical art—must have been a very fascinating exercise in mental agility; and doubtless it was a highly stimulating experience to hear Dr. Johnson booming away at the top of his form. But I often wonder whether this talk-for-its-own-sake did not sometimes become very artificial, forced, and even tedious. It seems to me that there are definite limits to conversation. For myself, I confess that I soon tire of it. If it is dull, it is one of the most exhausting things on earth; if it is lively, it is also exhausting after a certain point, for it makes exacting demands on the faculties. It is like old brandy: if it is really good, a little goes a long way. There are very few people whose conversation does not reach, fairly quickly, its limit of interest and charm — beyond which there is marked anticlimax. Moreover, I always rather distrust the person who has, and who knows he has, the reputation of being a "good talker." Usually, he either talks too much, or talks for effect, or is apt to be a drawing-room bully. I have nearly always been disappointed in people who are obviously conscious that they are expected to talk well—it is a very perilous social reputation to have. Unless human nature or the human mind has greatly changed, I am sure that there must have been many suppressed yawns in the *salons*, and that Dr. Johnson, as the night wore on, must sometimes have been a very tiresome member of the party, even when he was in the best of form!

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE: "That was a very nice cake you made us, Ethel."
ETHEL (*to herself*): "Gosh! I must have sent the wrong one home."
DRAWN BY JOYCE DENNYS.

But please do not think that I have any sympathy with the type of person, now too common, who cannot sit still for a moment without wanting to jump up and play something. With some people, this is a sort of social St. Vitus's Dance. On the other hand, I am surprised at a man of Mr. Chesterton's large tolerance being so haughty about "some dreadful game with cards or a little ball." There is something wrong with a man who cannot play a game, even a foolish game, for its own sake. I know such men, and I consider that there is something seriously lacking in their composition; they nearly always go queer or cranky or fanatical over something or other. They, surely, are the very persons who have failed to master the art of doing nothing, because they cannot give their minds the complete holiday which is provided by a game of skill or chance. If it comes to a choice between "cards or a little ball" and the ordinary after-dinner conversation of a country week-end; or between bridge, or even shove-ha'penny, and the appalling literary parlour-games which they play in highbrow circles, then I am for the "dreadful" games every time. For I think it is essential, in due season and reason, to absorb oneself in something which does not matter at all, except for the mere fun of doing it.

HAMISH McDUFF AGAIN.

HAMISH McDUFF: "I like fine your Coronation brolly. Ye've a grand day for it."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

LADY OXFORD HOLDS COURT AS GOOD QUEEN BESS.

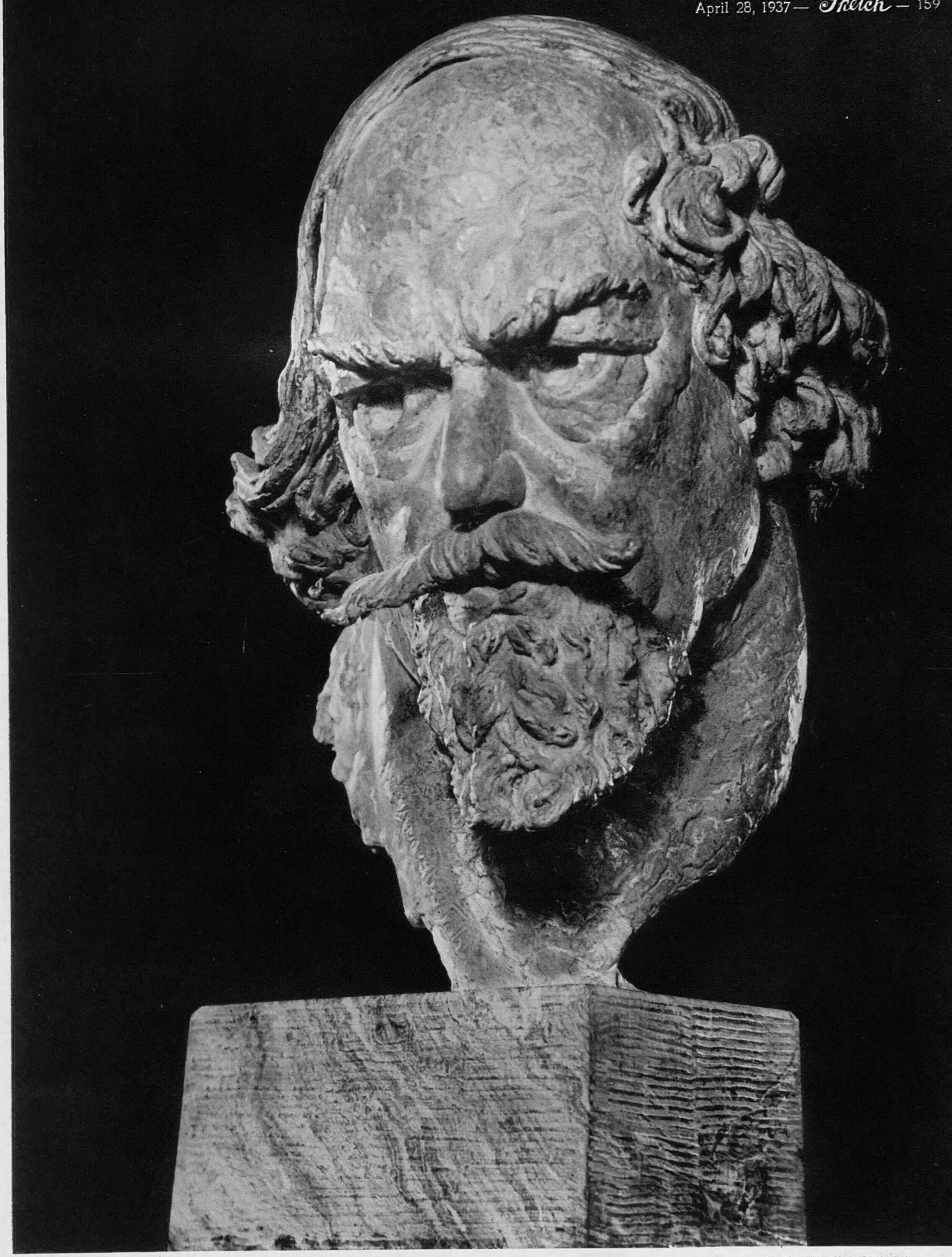
Right: *The* COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH *will take the part of Queen Elizabeth in the pageant at the Coronation Costume Ball at the Royal Albert Hall on May 13. Last week we published one photograph of her in character. Here we give a scene from the film of the pageant, with* MISS THROCKMORTON *making obeisance to the Queen.*

Left:
MRS. FORDHAM FLOWER *as one of the ladies of Queen Elizabeth's Court.*

Right: MISS THROCKMORTON *as one of the ladies of Queen Elizabeth's Court.*

MISS MARGARET VESEY *as one of the ladies of Queen Elizabeth's Court.*

A close-up of the COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH *as Queen Elizabeth.*

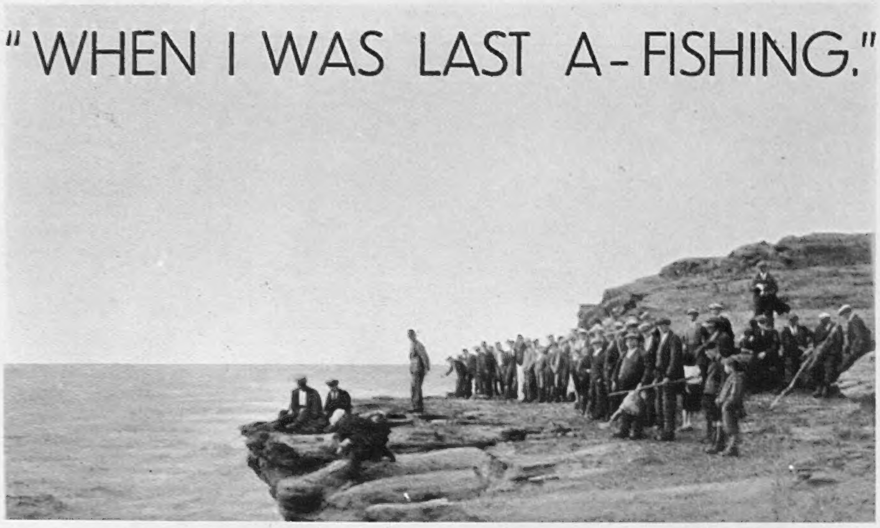


PHOTOGRAPH BY COLLINGBURN.

JOHN: BY BARNEY SEALE.

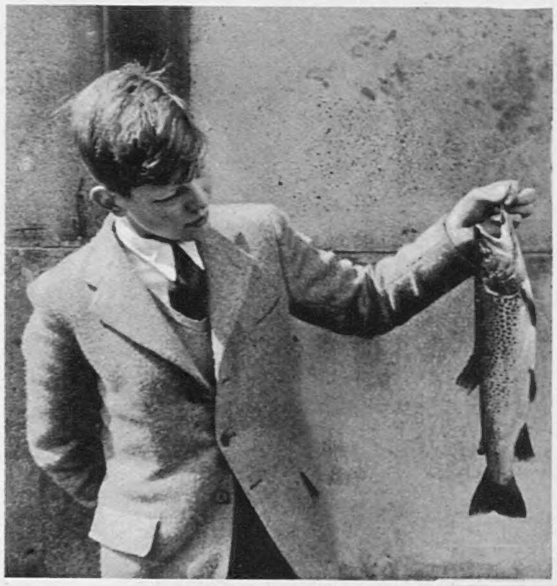
This fine bronze bust of AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A., *known to all the world as "John," is a striking example of the art of Barney Seale. Forbes caricatured John sitting to Barney Seale for this bust in our issue of November 25.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."



FISHING FROM THE TOP OF A HIGH CLIFF *is a very unusual form of sport which Mr. Marston describes in his article.*

FISHING from the top of cliffs 200 ft. to 600 ft. high is a method of angling which, as far as I know, is not practised in this country. Mr. George Ross, of Gort, Co. Galway, informs me that cliff—or rock—fishing, as it is called over there, is quite common on the West Coast of Ireland. Hand-lines are used, and the baited hook is slung out clear of the cliff face with the aid of a "wattle"—a stout stick about 6 ft. long. The end of the line, weighted with a stone, is looped loosely over the top of the stick, the remainder being coiled on the ground. The thrower swings the stone round a few times before letting it fly. Mr. Ross states that the Clare lads can cast astonishing distances, considering the gear they use. The winner of the bait-casting at the annual competition held last September at Moher, Co. Clare, cast 85 yards. The winner of the fishing competition off the cliffs of Moher, half a mile from Hag's Head, was Mr. Thomas Curry, who tied with Mr. Thomas Nagle, both catching eight fish, but the former was declared the winner as he hooked the first fish. He holds the "Perpetual Rock-Fishing Challenge Cup" until the third Sunday in September this year, when the next competition takes place. The risk of overbalancing when casting or while pulling a fish up the face of the cliff is part of the sport, no doubt.



FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD RAYMOND NARES *is posed with a* TWO-POUND TROUT *which he caught on a March Brown fished wet on a 4x cast in the Lake Hotel water, River Irfon.*

Eight Billion Fish Eggs and Fish.

Last year the United States Federal Hatcheries reached a maximum output of 8,120,000,000 eggs and fish, an increase of over three billion on the previous year. These figures are staggering compared with the output in this country, which probably does not run into more than seven figures. Of course, the major part of this huge total includes food fishes, and 6¾ billion represents cod, haddock, pollock, and winter flounder. This part of the work of the hatcheries is particularly interesting, and may be copied over here some day. The eggs are salvaged from the commercial catch by "spawn takers," fertilised and planted directly on the spawning grounds or incubated in the hatcheries. Described as a form of by-product, this hatchery activity is stated to provide a relatively inexpensive contribution to the maintenance of the important New England shore fisheries. In comparison with the huge total, the output of game fish fingerlings seems quite paltry—a mere 157 millions. Among the numerous millions of salmon distributed, the Pacific varieties accounted for the greater part, but a notable increase in the distribution of Atlantic salmon was achieved, the total reaching 1½ millions. They are stated to be making a gradual "come-back" in the State of Maine. An increase in the distribution of steelhead, rainbow trout, and bass was recorded: 5½ million small-mouth black bass were produced, but even this figure was inadequate to meet the demand for the "premier warm-water game fish." New potential fishing areas created by the building of artificial lakes for recreation, power, flood control, and water storage have thrown a heavy burden on the hatcheries in trying to cope with the demand for fish to stock these waters.

Strange Angling Incidents.

Hardly a week passes that I am unable to relate some curious experience that has befallen an angler. Last week a lady angler took a prominent part in retrieving a lost tailer by catching a salmon which had carried it about for twenty-four hours. This week's incident also happened to a lady angler. Mrs. Hugh Corbet, of Shrewsbury, informs me that, while spinning in the Severn recently, she lost her bait, trace, and line in a bad snag. The following day Mrs. Corbet was fishing a pool some 400 yards upstream, when the bait dragged in something which she thought was a weed, but it came free. Reeling in, she found attached to her bait the lost tackle. There was no doubt about this, as the bait was home-made, and Mrs. Corbet also recognised her weight and the special line she uses. Had the tackle been retrieved some distance down-stream there would be no mystery about it, but how did it get nearly a quarter of a mile up the river? Mrs. Corbet suggests that the lead may have caught in the snag, leaving the bait free to work in the current until taken by a fish. Being lightly hooked, the fish, after running some distance upstream, was able to rub itself clear of the hooks. This appears to me to be a feasible explanation of what is, without question, a curious and interesting incident. Mrs. Corbet mentions that before losing her tackle she caught two fish with the same bait, and in the very pool in which she retrieved her lost bait and trace on the following day.

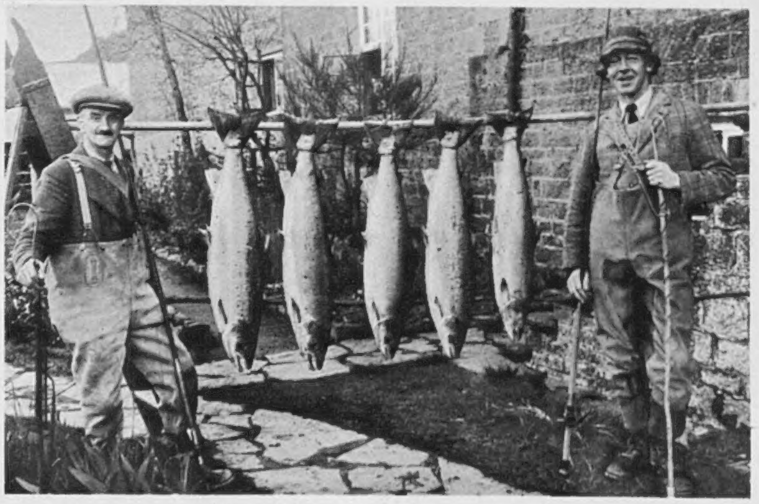
I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Seventy-five fish were killed by Mr. Moss in the first half of April on the Delfur water, River Spey. This total includes two double-figure one-day catches of 18 and 12.

A company known as Recess Fisheries, Ltd., has acquired the Glendalough Estate, Co. Galway. This estate, which includes two well-known salmon lakes, once belonged to Ranjitsinhji, and has since been in the possession of Sir Arbuthnot Lane.

From a brook feeding the Groby Pool, near Leicester, in water about 1 ft. deep, a youngster of fourteen captured a huge eel, which measured 4 ft. in length and weighed 6½ lb. The eel wrapped itself round the boy's gum-boots.

R. L. MARSTON.



Commander J. W. Farquhar, of H.M.S. "Osprey," Portland, caught these FIVE SALMON, *which weighed just over one hundredweight (112 lb.) during a recent week-end on the Tycelyn Waters, Aberedw, Builth Wells. He is a son of Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar, of Dungrianach, Oban.*

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

A YOUNGER SET COCKTAIL-PARTY.

MR. EWEN MACPHERSON and MISS SUSAN HAMBRO *are seen facing the camera with smiles.*

PRINCESS PRISCILLA BIBESCO, *daughter of Prince and Princess Antoine Bibesco, is an important Coronation season deb.*

The HON. DOROTHY BERRY, *third daughter of the late Lord Buckland, in a printed satin dress.*

MISS ZARA MAINWARING, *younger daughter of the late Sir Harry Mainwaring, was one of the many decorative girls present.*

Left: MR. JOHN *and* LADY CECILIA SMILEY *were among the young-marrieds present.*

MISS VERONICA DALGLISH *(right)*, MR. E. O'BRIEN, *and* MISS PHILIPPA ANDERSON *were guests at the cocktail-party given by Miss Bridget and Mr. Michael Smiley.*

LADY GRENFELL *wore a little scarlet "skull-cap" which was much admired.*

BARONESS VON PASSAVANT *(left)* and LADY KITTY COLE, *third daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen, were guests at this successful party.*

CAVIAR AND CABBAGES.

By MOLLY CASTLE.

XVII.—GLAMOUR GIRL: LORETTA YOUNG.

"ANYONE want a soda?" asked someone. In a few minutes I was sipping a lemon coca-cola and enviously watching Loretta Young imbibe a concoction which would have put five pounds on to any ordinary girl's hip-line.

"I'll have a chocolate malted milk with three portions of ice-cream and an extra dollop of whipped cream," she had ordered.

Loretta's hobbies include eating, and shopping for clothes. Of course, she likes being a movie star, too, but that's not so much a hobby as a serious vocation. Once a plump little thing, Loretta sacrificed her foremost recreation in the cause of art. But was she rewarded! She got not only her stardom but also the kind of well-trained silhouette which allows her to eat all her favourite food: turkey dinners, steaks, French fried potatoes, without causing the needle of her bathroom weighing machine to flicker one notch above seven and a half stone.

MISS LORETTA YOUNG, *the subject of this article, is here seen in a natty little morning suit. She was recently seen with Don Ameche in "Ramona."*

If you ask her what is the best thing she can remember, she will tell you that she has three best memories rolled into one: the three helpings of stewed clams she once had at Prunier's in Paris. She also adds that she has her mother to thank for the fact that she likes pretty well any sort of food. Loretta was the youngest of three daughters, and by the time she had got old enough to reject her porridge, Mrs. Young had learned a trick or two. She waited till Loretta was so hungry that even porridge tasted good.

Having older sisters has come in very handy for Loretta. Not only did it react in this way upon her appetite, it also gave her her clothes sense and even got her a job. Known—at least to herself—as "Hand-Me-Down" Gretchen (she was known, anyway, to her family as Gretchen—still is, it's her name), her ambition in life was to own a first-hand blue dress without any mending on it. Would have compromised on a second-hand dress with just the hem turned up. But invariably got third-hand clothes which had been new for Polly Ann, altered for Sally Blane, handed down to little Gretchen.

Now she has as many blue dresses as she can cram into her very large-size wardrobes, but the money she earned through being Polly Ann's sister—it was eighty dollars—she gave to her mother "for nice things for yourself." She was only thirteen then, and a little oppressed by having two beautiful sisters who not only handed her down their clothes, but were also, she claimed, a lot better fixed in every way than she was herself.

"Polly Ann has such an impressive bearing, and she's so gracious," she moaned to her mother. "And Sally is so exuberant over everything. I wish I had something in my personality that would make me stand out." So one day, when Director Mervyn LeRoy called up the house to ask Polly Ann to come along to the studios to be tested for a small part in "Naughty but Nice," Loretta thought it would be crazy, but fun, to pinch it for her sister, who had gone out of town. Nobody has ever recorded just what Polly Ann thought when she came back home again to find the baby of the family had not only got her job in that film, but also a long-term contract with Fox.

From that time on, Loretta could buy all the clothes she wanted, and she wanted plenty. She has a reputation to keep up now of being the best-dressed girl in films, type *ingénue*. Two studio designers take turns mapping out her film wardrobe. She has a male dressmaker, and she buys Paris models off the peg from the elegant black marble Los Angeles skyscraper store, Bullock's Wilshire (the shop where even a handkerchief may cost fifteen dollars). But she'll always go in and try anything on if she likes the look of it in the window. "I saw a grand little jersey suit in a shop the other day, and all disguised in black glasses, so that I thought nobody could possibly recognise me, I sailed into the shop. And wasn't it funny"—she looked at me so seriously that I saw she really had thought it funny—"the woman recognised me. She said: 'We were just talking about you, Miss Young.'"

I noted down for my collection of look-alikes: a film-star in dark-glasses and an ostrich head-in-sand.

Loretta lives in the exclusive Bel-Air neighbourhood, a private park in which there are some very lovely houses. Her mother, Mrs. George Belzer, and her half-sister, Georgina Belzer, live with her. I've told you about her second movie job. Her first adventure into movies she got on her own account. She got an opportunity for a screen test from director George Melford, arrived before the cameras mud-bespattered, a gob of clay near one eye, hair wet and stringy and dress streaked with soot. Her coy look charmed the director, though, and she got the job. She was then just four years old.

A close-up of MISS LORETTA YOUNG *which gives full value to her lovely, pathetic-looking eyes.*

STEAKS FOR LORETTA YOUNG.

The steaks are cut to the size preferred, and fried in butter. In another pan fry chopped-up mushrooms, also in butter, until they are almost dry, add half a cup of cream and half a cup of wine. Place the steaks on fried bread and smother with the mushroom sauce. Serve immediately, and keep away from your bathroom scales for several days.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

DRESSED FOR HER DANCE.

MISS SUSAN SUTHERLAND, *daughter of Mrs. R. O. Sutherland, wore this strangely lovely picture dress of white satin worn over a hoop petticoat at the dance which her mother gave with Mrs. Archibald Savory for her and Miss Peggy Bishop. Miss Sutherland is one of the most charming of the 1937 débutantes. She is to be presented at a forthcoming Court.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

ON THE RANGE AND OFF: THE RANGERS.

The 12TH LONDON REGIMENT—THE RANGERS—*is an outstanding example of the ability of our Territorial Army to adjust itself to changing conditions. Formed over 150 years ago from the Gentlemen of Gray's Inn "assembled for the purpose of learning military discipline," it was re-formed in 1860 as the Gray's Inn Rifle Rangers. It passed through the stages of the XV. Middlesex Rifle Volunteers—the "Central London Rifle Rangers"; the XXII. Middlesex Central London Rangers; and in 1908, under the Territorial movement, achieved its present title. In the war the Regiment crossed to France on Christmas Eve, 1914. On May 8, 1915, at Frezenberg, the battalion delivered its famous counter-attack, checking the German advance, at the cost of all officers and most of the men.*

THE COUNTESS OF ANTRIM—SCULPTOR.

"OBLIVION" is the title of this bronze figure by the Countess of Antrim.

This interior gives some idea of LADY ANTRIM'S STUDIO *in her house in Regent's Park.*

Below: A PORTRAIT HEAD OF VISCOUNT DUNLUCE, *only child of the Earl and Countess of Antrim, by Lady Antrim. Lord Dunluce is eighteen months of age.*

A PORTRAIT HEAD OF THE COMTESSE BEATRICE DE LIEDEKERKE, *by Lady Antrim.*

Right: The COUNTESS OF ANTRIM *is here posed with a portrait head of Lady Bridget Parsons, which is a fine example of her work. She is the wife of the Earl of Antrim and was Miss Angela Sykes. She is holding an exhibition of her sculpture and cartoons at the Beaux Arts Gallery. The Private View took place on Monday—April 26.*

A GOSSIP WITH CLIO AT GREENWICH.

STORIES FROM THE NATION'S NEW TREASURE-HOUSE.

THE royal journey to Greenwich by State Barge, planned by their Majesties for yesterday, April 27, awoke romantic memories of London's royal waterway. This was fitting, for the National Maritime Museum, which the King arranged to open, is a romantic record of our island story set in one of the noblest of our buildings. Clio may seem a stern goddess, but there is nothing alarming about her as she sits enthroned by the river. She will even unbend and gossip with those who visit her. The maritime history of these islands may be "read" in our new museum in superb sea pictures, prints, portraits, models, and relics, arranged in such a way that visitors are shown the intimate as well as the grandiose side of the story.

The Queen's House, where the earlier pictures are hung, was planned by Inigo Jones for Anne of Denmark, as a "land Chenonceau," bridging the road from Deptford to Woolwich, and was finished for Henrietta Maria, whose name (with the date 1635) may be read over the entrance of the river front. Queen Elizabeth was born in the original Tudor Palace, and it is amusing to recall the tradition that blonde, bouncing Anne of Denmark had intimate memories of her, for the careful Scots King Jamie made his wife wear out the vast quantities of costly dresses which Gloriana left in her wardrobe!

This sketch of EMMA HAMILTON *was made by Romney in 1786. The informality of the pose is charming, and it is probably exactly what she looked like. It will be remembered that Nelson first met her at Naples in 1793.*

Professor Callender, Director of the National Maritime Museum, has arranged the pictures in chronological order, so you can see how the ships changed with the years, as did the dress of the men who sailed them—men who in Elizabeth's day were Courtier-Soldiers, like Ralegh and Essex; in late Stuart times, Gentlemen-Captains, such as George Byng (portrait by Kneller); in the early eighteenth century, Tough Salts of the kidney of Benbow and Fitzroy Lee (the original of "Commodore Trunnion"); in the late eighteenth century, Acute Professional Naval Officers of the school of Anson (portrait by Reynolds) and Cook (portrait by Dance); and who, in the Great Age, were represented by Jervis, by Duncan, the giant of six feet six inches, and by tiny Nelson, the greatest of them all. And yet the British type of countenance persists through the centuries, for the present Lord Sandwich, connoisseur and patron of the arts, bears a striking resemblance to his great ancestor, the first Lord Sandwich, who died at Sole Bay, and to the fourth bearer of the title, who invented the sandwich, which was called after him; while the plain but charming countenance of Kenelm Digby looks curiously modern.

Queen Elizabeth dominates the second room in a fine portrait painted about the Armada period, and reminiscent of illuminators' or miniaturists' work, in which she is shown wearing a mourning ring for Leicester. The faithless Essex hangs beside her, and Mountjoy, the man of action, who went to Ireland after Essex's "campaign" of inaction had ended in the truce, is not far away.

The lovely ceiling in the Queen's drawing-room will make you look up to admire the carving and contemporary gilding, and to applaud the ingenuity by which the empty panels intended for pictures have been filled with golden stars on a deep-blue sky, to remind us of Greenwich Observatory up the hill. Historical sidelights wink from many pictures. For instance, Mary II. is shown coming to join Dutch William in England, her ship flying the Revolutionary Standard, "Liberties of England." With a display of tact, William III. did not take over Whitehall until his wife joined him. This practical royal lady had no false shame about coming into her new possessions, and bustled round with glee, counting the treasures. From the Queen's House, a mansion transformed into a gallery, we walk along the colonnades to enter the Caird Galleries. There English naval history of the late seventeenth, the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries is set out in amazingly detailed form.

Do you want to know about the court-martial of Byng? Portraits of every character in this tragedy are arranged in a bay devoted to the episode. Have you heard of Sir Cloudsley Shovel? He was, as you see from the Michael Dahl portrait, a bluff, hearty naval commander whose strength as a swimmer made him the sole survivor of a wreck off the Scilly Isles; but he wore an emerald ring, and a fierce beachcombing woman killed him for it. This was bad enough, but Fate had worse in store in the elaborate monument put up to Shovel in Westminster Abbey The Dictionary of National Biography calls it a memorial "in questionable taste," and if you *must* know, it makes poor "Clou" look an effeminate fop!

Do you know that snuff once helped to win a battle for the English and Dutch? Bakhuizen has painted this strange incident. It happened in 1702, when Rooke and the Dutch attacked a squadron of rich Spanish treasure-ships at Vigo Bay. The *Torbay*, commanded by Vice-Admiral Hopsonn, was blown by a sudden gust of wind through the mouth of the harbour and found herself in grave peril, when, lo and behold! a ship laden with snuff blew up, almost put out the fire, and enabled Rooke to win the day. Snuff became more modish than ever.

EMMA HAMILTON, *whose name is for ever linked with that of Nelson, was the subject of this drawing by Cosway, now exhibited in the Nelson rooms at the National Maritime Museum.*

A touch of romance lurks in the Quiberon Bay section, for Admiral Lord Anson, First Lord of the Admiralty at the time of the battle, went to fetch George III.'s bride, Caroline of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and this peaceful excursion is illustrated as the background for a portrait of him. Richard Wright, who painted a fine picture of Quiberon Bay (new to the Museum), also kindly "put some ships in" as a background to Reynolds's painting of Mary Duchess of Ancaster and Kesteven, who went with Anson to attend on the royal bride. This portrait, which belongs to Lord Cholmondeley, was on view at the recent Reynolds exhibition at Sir Philip Sassoon's house.

Captain Cook's relics are notable, and include a magnificent series of landscapes of Tahiti by William Hodges (1744-1797), who accompanied Cook on his second voyage. One is a bathing scene, with Tahitian lovelies tattooed in unexpected places. There are extensive Nelson rooms, where the portraits of our greatest Admiral include a painting which was Lord Nelson's favourite likeness of himself. There is also a picture of a depressed lady in white—the somewhat neglected Lady Nelson.

According to tradition, this portrait of NELSON, *by Simon de Koster, which is on view at the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, was the* GREAT ADMIRAL'S FAVOURITE LIKENESS OF HIMSELF.

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The magnificence of the seascapes, which include masterpieces by the Van de Veldes, Brooking, Scott, and others; the fine quality of the portraits by such masters as Reynolds, Hoppner, Dahl, Knapton, and Richard Wilson; the interest of the relics; the grace of the models; the charm of the *grisailles* and of the prints, combine to make the galleries an enchantment. Greenwich, which our grandparents visited for a whitebait dinner and what they termed "a spree," has been "off the social map" for a while. It has now come back, for "everyone" will go, not once, but many times. We are Greenwich-conscious once more.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

"ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH, DEAR FRIENDS, ONCE MORE . . ."

LAURENCE OLIVIER, *as King Henry V., is here delivering one of the most famous speeches in Shakespeare—the fiery conjuration to his troops at the storming of Harfleur—in the Old Vic. production of* "KING HENRY V." *As our beautiful photograph study shows, Mr. Olivier makes a fine figure as the warrior King, and he delivers the celebrated line with tremendous fire and compelling emphasis.*

TALES WITH A STING.

COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS.

By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

"YOU 'VE been here a fortnight," said the Hon. Mrs. Phipil Wasson acidly. "And, Mrs. Jackson, you seem to know less about a hat-shop than ever. I can't see to it all myself. If I have to write the bills, pack the hats, and the other routine work, what time have I got to see people and persuade them to come in and buy; or watch for the next fashion, I 'd like to know?"

Under Mrs. Jackson's curled red hair her temper flamed. Her dislike of her employer made her feel sick. She was ruthless, horribly efficient, and with an aloofness which robbed her of any human sympathy for those with whom she came into contact.

"Yes—you 're such a *clever* woman!" Mrs. Jackson longed to be sarcastic. And, "Sweet enough with those she can get something out of!" her mind snarled. "But then, she 's a '*lady*.'" She drew herself up to remind herself that she, too, was a lady. She put her arms, primly folded, behind her back, as a schoolgirl receiving reprimand. Her whole attitude was defiant meekness.

"There is a great deal of work to do here. I do my best."

"Work!" snorted Mrs. Phipil Wasson sarcastically. "You could do it in an hour if you weren't so slow. Look at what I do!"

"Yes," mentally agreed Mrs. Jackson. "Lunching from one to three at smart places, going to parties at night. Bridge with rich and pleasant people. That 's no work!"

Work was getting up early for a crowded bus when one had a headache and longed for a cup of tea brought to one in bed. Lunching on a sandwich in the shop, in case a customer came in, and because, on the salary offered, two meals a day couldn't be bought. Work was having to wash one's own underwear when already tired out. Cooking on a gas-ring and watching the gas. Mrs. Jackson's life was work, and as she stood there considering it, impish spite prompted a sudden determination. She would have, if only for a brief time, some of the comforts enjoyed by Mrs. Phipil Wasson—and at her expense.

"Bank-holiday . . ." a voice seemed to whisper to Mrs. Jackson, as her plan came to her. She had learned her employer's habits to some extent. She knew that, in addition to her usual social engagements, she spent her week-ends in the country.

"Bank-holiday . . ." A long week-end. Mrs. Phipil Wasson would have a plan to make that amusing. And there was something else Mrs. Jackson knew! Mrs. Phipil Wasson locked her valuables in the safe in the shop, as she considered it safer. Mrs. Phipil Wasson had some good jewellery, including a brooch of which she often spoke.

"It 's a bit gaudy, perhaps, but it impresses people who despise one because they just don't understand the hand-to-mouth existence Mayfair has to lead now," she would say. "And stocks and shares always go down; one must have a little nest-egg. That 's mine."

Mrs. Jackson had not a nest-egg, and it did not add to her pleasure when she heard Mrs. Phipil Wasson refer to hers. But her patience held out until the Friday before bank-holiday, in the most remarkable fashion. Then, just as her employer was about to leave for her week-end visit, Mrs. Jackson fell upon the floor in a deep swoon.

Mrs. Phipil Wasson was faced with the alternative of missing her train or closing the shop early. She chose the latter, leaving it in disorder, and sent Mrs. Jackson home. She did not return until Tuesday, to find the shop still closed. Mrs. Jackson had clearly failed to arrive that morning. As she surveyed the disorder angrily, the telephone rang, and she heard Mrs. Jackson's fervid apologies, and an offer to return to work immediately. . . Not even at the end of Mrs. Phipil Wasson's greeting of complaint did her superb self-control waver. Then, in the most ladylike fashion, she replied:

"I should like to give you, Madam, a week's notice."

"I couldn't be worse off if you weren't here," snapped Mrs. Phipil Wasson, and went to the safe, which was concealed behind her desk. Then she screamed. Mrs. Jackson was unbelieving. "You must have taken it with you," she said primly. "Madam knows no one could have got in after she had locked up. I left before you did, when you so kindly sent me home . . . perhaps it was lucky for me, if your jewellery is really missing. I am sure, however, Madam will find it when she unpacks."

"If you 're a fool, I 'm not," snapped her employer. "I wouldn't wear it at Midstead, so of course I didn't take it."

Midstead? Mrs. Jackson had read of Midstead. An almost ducal house, and its châtelaine's jewels were famous. That Mrs. Phipil Wasson should not have displayed her finest jewels in such surroundings surprised Mrs. Jackson. But she was at the same time glad. "I think the police should be informed," she said quietly.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Phipil Wasson, and her plucked eyebrows rose in a line of thought as she picked up the telephone.

"Titled woman's shop raided." In no time there was much publicity for the little hat-shop. Mrs. Jackson preserved astonishing calm. After all, she, having been absent, as had been so clearly demonstrated, was in no position to make any comment. Until the end of the week she worked hard. Then she asked for and obtained the salary due to her. "I hope, Madam," she wished politely, "that you will recover your jewellery."

"So do I," said Mrs. Phipil Wasson. "It 's a great loss!"

"But there will be the insurance." Mrs. Jackson offered comfort.

"There won't," replied her employer, and there was a note in her voice as if she had rehearsed that sentence. "I 'm so unlucky, I 'd forgotten to renew the insurance policies from last year. I can't make any claim!"

"Oh, Madam!" deplored Mrs. Jackson. "How unfortunate!"

Although her tone expressed the deepest regret, on her way home she smiled once or twice as if her employer's carelessness was the source of some pleasure to her. So Mrs. Phipil Wasson's nest-egg was indeed lost to her. It would be too bad if at any time, Mrs. Jackson thought, she really had to work!

Actually, Mrs. Phipil Wasson was working overtime. Any advantage which could be gained, from whatever misfortune, she was anxious to snatch. Besides, in this case she had not met with such disaster as might have been imagined. It was true that her jewellery was not insured, but then she had had hundreds of pounds'-worth of free advertisement for her business premises, and considerable custom from it. Perhaps she was not sorry, also, that the world should know that she no longer had to bear the weight of responsibility for such valuable property. She was receiving useful sympathy in return, for all her friends felt that the pluck she was displaying deserved the reward of their assistance. And Mrs. Phipil Wasson was obliged to rush from one engagement to another, explaining how great was her loss and how hopeless recovery seemed, and how marvellous everyone was to help her by wearing her hats, which were, after all, smarter than any others in London, particularly as they were getting "known."

"And I 've got"—she was so gay about it—"three new models from Paris—dreams, my dear! You must try them on!"

Certainly Mrs. Phipil Wasson, being a practical woman, knew how to turn her face to an ill wind and, as it were, trim the sails of her craft so that it wafted her into a harbour of prosperity which she had almost despaired of making. Had Mrs. Jackson foreseen such subtlety, the temper which was under her curled red hair would have seethed to an even greater extent.

For Mrs. Jackson, when she came at last to carry out the remainder of her careful plan to enrich and revenge herself, found herself in an unfortunate position. She had leisure, it is true, such as she had coveted, but she had not the means with which to maintain it, after all. A future of work stretched before her still; work—providing that she could obtain it. For when she spread out in front of the buyer it had taken her so long to find the stones she had so carefully picked from their settings, he only laughed at her.

"Don't waste my time," he said. "I buy diamonds, not paste!"

And then, for the first time, it occurred to Mrs. Jackson that perhaps Mrs. Phipil Wasson had reason for leaving her so valuable jewellery behind when she went to stay at Midstead, where there would be other genuinely bejewelled women. Comparisons are odious! The old proverb recurred to her. "I hate clever women," said Mrs. Jackson to herself, fervently. [THE END].

** All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

CARICATURE BY ERNEST FORBES.

XXX.—THE FIRST-NIGHTER.

The distinguished figure of retired Civil Servant SIR "EDDIE" MARSH *is ever with us at theatrical premières. Another hobby is a collection of paintings (modern English) so extensive that report denies him a blank square inch of wall in his flat.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

SEASONABLE social activities started long before we had a taste of any seasonable spring weather, but if we can't get any sunshine, let's make the most of the socialite glitter. It was nice to see the Royal Box occupied on the opening night at Covent Garden by T.R.H. Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise, who are opera enthusiasts. Both wore tiaras and listened with concentration to every note of Verdi's "Otello." If two Princesses were present, it must be admitted that I observed only one Duchess—her Grace of Marlborough, who looked most imposing with a three-quarter cape of black and white monkey fur over her white dress. The jewels worn by the Sultana of Johore were absolutely "the top." Her tiara rose in circles, very high in front, and her diamond necklace contained the largest sapphire ever (always excepting the Stuart sapphire in the Regalia), while her white-and-silver dress suited her to perfection.

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The marriage of EARL BEATTY, *son of the famous Admiral, to* MRS. DOROTHY SANDS, *a beautiful American, took place in a ground-floor room of the Guildhall, which was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. The witnesses included Major Vandy Beatty, uncle of the bridegroom.*

MISS FREDERICA MONTAGU *is the débutante daughter of Captain and Mrs. Weld-Blundell, of Ince Blundell Hall, Lancs. Her mother is giving a dance for her to-night, April 28, at 29, Chesham Place, and she is to be presented on May 6. She is keen on hunting, winter sports, and dancing, and is also interested in music and the arts.*

Young people are music-conscious, and more than one débutante came to the first night at Covent Garden. Lady Ludlow, for instance, was accompanied by her granddaughter, Georgina Wernher, and Captain Malcolm Bullock brought his daughter, Priscilla, who, though not out this year, is doing some sub-debbing. Lady Ursula Manners, in purple georgette, and Lady Elizabeth Paget, with a necklace of daisies on her black organza, were together, making a decorative pair; Lady Hinchingbrooke, who looked about sixteen, though she has just had her second baby, was with her husband. I liked her tiara of turquoise and pearls, well suited to her fair beauty. Of course, Lady Cunard had her usual large party. It included Lady Oxford, Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, and Countess Paul Munster, whose lovely frock had a neck outline of gold oak-leaves, with an acorn tassel in front. The Brazilian Ambassador and his wife were in the stalls, but their daughter, Mlle. Sylvia Régis de Oliveira, who had a wrap of white satin lacquered with Indian red and gold, was in Captain Cazalet's box.

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On the following night we all assembled punctually to hear "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," the Dukas opera, which had never before been given in London, and had to exercise patience for nearly an hour owing to Mme. Lubin's troublesome attack of nose-bleeding. But she was worth waiting for, and when the curtain did rise we listened spellbound to this very fine soprano, whose noble gestures match the perfection of her voice. Lady Mansfield, with a white ostrich-feather wrap and a lovely tiara like a glittering chaplet of laurel leaves, was one of the best-looking women in the house. Mrs. Charles Sweeny, wrapped in silver fox and wearing a black lace dress, was in a box with her husband, and talked to Sir John Lavery in the interval. Lady Bessborough, who is French by birth, was there; and the French Ambassador, Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, and Mme. de Margerie were others who came. Mrs. Fellowes had most exciting earrings—consisting of jewels in the usual place, on the lobe, and others at the top of the ear—and wore her hair dressed so as to display them.

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No greater musical contrast could be imagined than "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" and Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," which followed it. No symbolism or any kind of uplift in the latter, for the Italian composer relied for his effects on melodious tunes. The plot is of the simplest and most banal, but nevertheless one feels that this is one of the operas which will not die, though it may occasionally be buried at periods when we take ourselves and our pleasures a little too seriously! Covent Garden gave the opera a very enthusiastic reception, and amused chuckles greeted some of the sallies on the stage from those lucky enough to understand Italian. The cast was a fine one, and special mention should be made of the soprano, Mafalda Favero, who not only sang her difficult music admirably, but gave point to the comic incidents.

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Some people came on from Covent Garden to the musical party given by Mrs. Kenneth Barnes and Mrs. John Dodge in the latter's charming house. Franz Osborn, the brilliant pianist, played a varied programme which included Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," a most interesting composition, and the most important work for piano written by that master. He preceded it by an explanation of the idea it expresses. It is supposed to represent the reactions of the composer when looking at an exhibition of pictures. His promenade round the galleries is symbolised by a theme and variations which recur at intervals. Mrs. Barnes looked very well in a white "tailor-made" evening dress with gold jewellery, and Mrs. Dodge wore blue chiffon. Mrs. Lionel Guest, mother of Colonel Dodge, helped to get the guests seated before the music. They included Lady Antrim, the sculptor and artist; Lady Marguerite Strickland, in an *imprimé* satin; Sir Ronald and Lady Storrs; Lady Malcolm, in blue, and her daughter, Lady Bartlett, who looked lovely in a black-and-gold dress with puff sleeves; Irene and Violet Vanbrugh, Mrs. Barnes's sisters-in-law, and other music-lovers.

The marriage of MR. ALAN BASSETT WARD, *son of the late Mr. T. W. Ward, to* MISS RACHEL ROTHENSTEIN, *daughter of Sir William Rothenstein, the distinguished painter, and Lady Rothenstein, took place at Hampstead Parish Church.*

Bart.'s Coronation Ball was the biggest dinner-dance I remember attending. The Dorchester is spacious, but every available square yard was used! We were received by the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, but the former could not stay very late, as she went on to the dance given by Lady Derby for her grandson and her granddaughter, Miss Priscilla Bullock, the sub-deb.

But to return to Bart.'s Ball. The Duchess looked well in pale lemon-yellow crêpe, with which she wore the most lovely emerald and diamond jewels. They were circular ornaments, with the emeralds in the centre set with diamonds—four down one side of the bodice and one on the other. Lady Evelyn Beauchamp looked more *petite* than ever standing beside the tall Duchess, and was very charmingly dressed in white tulle, with floral shoulder-straps of blue hyacinths.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *wore a most becoming halo hat when she and the Duke of Kent attended the second of the Robert Mayer Invitation Concerts for Children at the People's Palace, Mile End Road.*

. . .

And now for art. I went to the picture and sculpture exhibition held by William Stirling and Colin Campbell at the Wertheim Galleries, to look at the flower pictures by Mr. Campbell and the Malay masks and subjects by Mr. Stirling. The Duchess of Newcastle was a morning visitor. Lady Tweeddale, hatless and wearing a trim American broadtail coat, came in the afternoon, and I saw Lady Ilchester talking to Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick, who was accompanied by her sister, Lady Kilmorey, and her brother, Lord Hastings, himself an artist of importance. Mary Lady Howe, lovelier than ever, was being congratulated and laughingly teased about being a grandmother, for her daughter, Lady Georgiana Kidston, has just had a baby.

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The Private View of the London Portrait Society brought forth its squads of smart women in spring suitings. The steppes of Tartary or somewhere else must have been combed for the masses of silver foxes! Mrs. Arnold Henderson and her daughter, both very tall and slender, wore them, and I admired Mrs. Henderson's long cuffs of stiffened lace. Sir William Davison and his wife were there. She has been painted by Ernest Moore, who has also a portrait of King George V. on view. Mr. John St. Helier Lander has painted Queen Mary. One lovely private-viewer whom everyone was admiring was Mrs. William Alexander, wife of Lord Caledon's son. She wore the neatest black suit and a cap made of velvet forming a broad openwork net over her head, with a tuft of the ribbon on the left. Then I saw Lady Chalmers, Mrs. Cecil Harcourt, Lord and Lady Sinclair, and Lady Herbert Scott. David Jagger's "Olga" is a charming portrait of "Miss 1937"—slim to attenuation, painted in profile. My favourite among the exhibits is the de Glehn "Study of a Girl's Head"—a real bit of painting. Mr. John Crealock's "Mrs. Phyllis Keep" and his painting of Miss Griselda Gould were much discussed.

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The greatest interest is being taken in "John Constable, R.A., his Origins and Influence" at the Wildenstein Gallery. The Private View of this Centenary Memorial Exhibition meant little to me, because over five hundred people swarmed there, talking and obscuring the paintings! But, anyhow, it's an absolute necessity to visit this show several times.

PRINCE EMMANUEL GALITZINE *and* MISS ANNE MOCATTA *were guests at the ball given by Mrs. W. M. Miller, Mrs. Twining, and Mrs. Maude.*

MISS JOSEPHINE HOLT, *one of the Coronation season débutantes, is seen receiving guests at the ball given by her aunt, Mrs. W. M. Miller, Mrs. Twining, and Mrs. Maude at Claridge's, for Miss Holt, Miss Pamela Blyth, Miss Cynthia Toulmin, Miss Jacqueline Maude, and Mr. R. C. T. Twining.*

Sir Robert Witt, who went with Lady Witt, was very enthusiastic. He says it is the most scholarly exhibition he has ever seen. Lady Aberconway, Sir Gervase Beckett, Mme. de Margerie, Lord Stanmore, Lady Olga Montagu (whose brother, Lord Sandwich, has been helping to arrange the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, which the King arranged to open yesterday, April 27), and others were there. The Duchess of Buccleuch, Mrs. Anthony Eden, Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare, and Princess Natacha Bagration were others who "private-viewed" or went to the "pre-private view" cocktail-party.

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It was a treat to have a fine day for the City and Suburban. The sun shone and it was really nice in the paddock, in spite of the wind. All our most distinguished "juniors" were present. The Duchess of Roxburghe gave the lead in bright colours for Coronation Year with her gay yellow outfit. Lady Jane Nelson wore vivid green, and Lady Dufferin the most brilliant purple, with a pink blouse and a cape of red fox fur, a nice change from the usual silver fox. Lady Cambridge chose starch-blue, and Lady Weymouth looked enchanting in plum colour with touches of blue, and forget-me-not earrings and hat trimming. Flower hats are the thing—you can have them of pansies, roses, buttercups, daisies, anemones, and anything you like bunched together. I started counting the varieties on Lady Mary Herbert's hat, but gave it up! Lord Derby had Miss Priscilla Bullock with him, and I saw Lady Maureen Stanley looking charming in a nutria coat and pale green dress. Lady Feversham was in tomato red, and at six the same evening I saw her as hostess at a cocktail-party at the Ritz in an emerald-green ensemble, with huge diamond clips on her green velvet hat—a quick change.—MARIEGOLD.

HIGH LIGHTS FROM THE "HIGH SPIRIT" BALL.

LADY IRENE HAIG, MR. IVOR COLQUHOUN, MISS ROSEMARY MACINDOE, and LORD HUGH PERCY *were among the young guests who attended the "High Spirit" Ball at Grosvenor House in aid of the Licensed Victuallers' School and Benevolent Society.*

MR. DOUGLAS HOME *and* MISS DAPHNE HENDERSON, *daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Arnold Henderson, posed in front of the champagne fountain.*

Our supper-time group shows MISS SANCHIA WHITWORTH, LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX, MR. D. SHEEPSHANKS, LADY GLORIA FISHER, *joint-chairman of the Ball, and* LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX *watching the cabaret.*

MISS BATTYE, LADY O'NEILL, *joint-chairman of the Ball with Lady Gloria Fisher, and* MR. WADE *are seen in this supper-time group. Lady Ursula Horne was deputy chairman.*

MR. LESLIE HENSON *is a comic genius—but is not generally known as a conductor. However, he can conduct—with the aid of* JACK HYLTON'S HANDS! *Mr. Hylton is standing behind him.*

"HAND-ME-DOWN GRETCHEN."

In her very young days, film star LORETTA YOUNG called herself "hand-me-down Gretchen." Having several sisters, she knew the ignominy of the junior who has to wear the darned and discarded garments of her elders. Now she has some of her own! And she is very dress-conscious.

DRAWN BY C. BINGER.

C.F.H.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS MARIE LÖHR—For Goings-on in "And On We Go" After Many Serious-Stage Successes.

MISS MARIE LÖHR, *the distinguished actress who has made big successes in many plays, serious and less serious, and has been seen as Ophelia, as Lady Teazle, as Mrs. Darling, in "Peter Pan," as Lady Babbie, in "The Little Minister," and as l'Aiglon, in the English version of the Rostand play, to quote only a few of the well-known rôles in which she has appeared, made her début in revue last week and scored an immediate hit. She is one of the chief attractions of* "AND ON WE GO," *at the Savoy Theatre. On this page we show her as Lady Wendy Fragment, who has just announced that she is "there to open the ship," with which she gives it a whack with the champagne bottle and is as good as her word! In the smaller photograph she is seen as Loulou Deranger in the number set at the stage door of the old Empire Theatre in 1902. These are only two of the many characters she takes. She is particularly amusing as the Postmistress and also in the St. Moritz number.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.

"THE SILVER PATROL" has been broadcast several times, but the STOCK EXCHANGE DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC SOCIETY gave it its first stage performances last week at the Scala. This is the Patrol in camp. MR. FREDERICK BLIZARD is seen in the centre as Captain Standish, Adjutant of the Patrol.

The action of the piece begins in the Hotel Splendide, London. This shows the first-rate chorus.

The characters are (l. to r.) Paolo (MR. FRANKLIN ENGELMANN), *Violette* (MISS HILDA BREWER), *and Lord Montague* (MR. ALFRED REYNOLDS).

This group consists of Lord Montague (MR. ALFRED REYNOLDS), *Jaquita* (MISS EUGENIA TRIGUEZ), *and Governor Michael O'Hegan* (MR. REX JOSEPH).

The gypsy trio are "Black" Panther (MR. EDWARD GATFIELD), *Albert Stamp* (MR. HERBERT ALEXANDER), *and Rosie* (MISS EILEEN HUNNEX).

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AMATEURS IN "THE SILVER PATROL."

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

DÉBUTANTE THE HON. MARIEGOLD FITZALAN-HOWARD; AND WOGGLES.

The HON. MARIEGOLD FITZALAN-HOWARD *is the eldest daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop and of his wife, Baroness Beaumont, a Peeress in her own right. She is one of the most important débutantes of the season, and will be presented at a forthcoming Court. Her Pekingese, Woggles, is as photogénique as his charming young owner.*

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT AND THEIR FAMILY.

THIS beautiful Royal Family group is a new study of their Royal Highnesses THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT with their children, H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD GEORGE NICHOLAS PAUL PATRICK OF KENT, born on October 9, 1935, and H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA HELEN ELIZABETH OLGA CHRISTABEL OF KENT, born on December 25, 1936. It is hardly necessary to recall that the Duchess of Kent was H.R.H. Princess Marina of Greece; that she is the youngest daughter of H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece; and that she married the youngest son of the late King George V. on November 29, 1934.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.

MARION LORNE FLUSTERED AGAIN: "LONDON AFTER DARK" THRILLS IN BUS, TAXI, AND MEWS.

Walter Hackett's new play, "LONDON AFTER DARK," at the Apollo, is an excellent variation on his favourite theme, and presents Marion Lorne as the flustered lady in a fresh series of dangerous situations. This is the scene in Montague Mews after the murder of a man, believed to be John Randall, has been discovered.

John Randall (ROBERT ANDREWS) *has not been murdered. He is taking rather inadequate cover as the Newspaper Man* (EDGAR McEWEN) *goes down the mews.*

Left: Ambrosia (MARION LORNE) *hails a taxi. She is still in possession of the stolen bag—but is innocent of theft.*

If you don't think this exciting, you have no nerves! The hand belongs to Fay Beaudine (FREDA GAYE).

Ambrosia (MARION LORNE) *having landed her job as usherette at the Grand Cinema, is seen in her Chinese costume.*

The dénouement. Mrs. Morant (CATHLEEN NESBITT), *her son, John Randall* (ROBERT ANDREWS), *Reginald Sinclair* (EDWIN STYLES), *and Ambrosia* (MARION LORNE) *are the characters (l. to r.).*

Superintendent Pike (RICHARD GRAY) *suspects Ambrosia* (MARION LORNE) *of having stolen the bag. Reginald Sinclair* (EDWIN STYLES) *is on the* [redacted] *left*

The scene inside a bus is well presented. Ambrosia (MARION LORNE) *is standing up and she has no money to pay her fare. Reginald Sinclair* (EDWIN STYLES) *is on the extreme right.*

Right: Three taxi-loads on the way to the Grand Cinema. They are (l. to r.) the Police, Supt. Pike (RICHARD GRAY) *and Reginald Sinclair* (EDWIN STYLES), *the murderer, John Randall* (ROBERT ANDREWS), *and the innocent Ambrosia* (MARION LORNE), *and the suspected pair, Gerald Beaudine* (LEONARD UPTON) *and Fay Beaudine* (FREDA GAYE).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO CO.

The HON. MRS. HAMILTON-RUSSELL *wore a "skull-cap" model trimmed with flowers at the Epsom City and Suburban meeting.*

VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH *wore a plum-coloured coat with pale-blue revers, and a hat trimmed with forget-me-nots.* LADY MARY DUNN *is hiding her face.*

The DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE *wore a beautifully tailored coat and a simple straw hat. She is one of the Queen's canopy-bearers.*

LADY MANTON *(left) was in a smart fur coat, and* MRS. SMITH-BINGHAM *wore a spring ensemble, and turned-up Breton sailor hat.*

SPRING HATS AT EPSOM.

LADY MAUREEN STANLEY *looked well in a short fur coat and a tam-o'-shanter-shaped hat.*

MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH'S *hat was original and becoming. It allowed a generous amount of her lovely fair hair to be seen.*

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. . . AT WHITE CITY

SPEED . . . by Gilbert Holiday

Racing greyhounds at full stretch . . . turf scattering to the swift beat of flying feet . . . speed up to 35-40 miles per hour on the final burst of speed to the finishing line.

This striking painting of the leaders in a race at White City captures something of the thrill of thoroughbred track greyhounds in action.

CORONATION TIME, 1911, STAGED: "THE EDWARDIANS."

"THE EDWARDIANS," *by Edward Knoblock, from the novel by the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West, was produced last week at Richmond Theatre. The play opens in 1908 in the living-room at Chevron. The characters are (l. to r.), Julia Levison* (DAPHNE HEARD), *Sir Adam Blum* (REGINALD JARMAN), *Lucy, Duchess of Chevron* (HILDA ESTY MARSH), *Octavia, Duchess of Hull* (MARGARET YARDE), *Lady Viola* (JOYCE TYLER), *and Leonard Anquietil* (F. THORNTON BASSETT).

Sylvia, Duchess of Roehampton (DIANA NAPIER) *and the Duke of Chevron* (JOHN BAILEY) *have been lovers. Her husband is dead, and on the evening before the Coronation in 1911 she comes to see him in his house in Carlton House Terrace.*

One of the scenes is set in the boxes of the Covent Garden Opera House, in July 1908. The period costumes are charming and have been very correctly reproduced.

This is a scene set on Coronation Day, 1911. Lucy, Duchess of Chevron (HILDA ESTY MARSH) *is showing Miss Wace* (CONSTANCE LORNE), *the housekeeper to the Chevron family, how she put on her coronet at the Abbey ceremony.*

A close-up of a box at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in 1908. Octavia Duchess of Hull (MARGARET YARDE), *Sir Adam Blum* (REGINALD JARMAN), *and Lucy, Duchess of Chevron* (HILDA ESTY MARSH).

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

"POST ROAD," at the Queen's, is on the whole a gentle sort of play about tough sort of people. Indeed, tough is a mild word for the baby-snatchers who framed up a bogus child-birth in a lodging-house in Connecticut in order thus to explain the presence of the rich infant whom they had kidnapped. This involves some shrieks, but I thought that we heard rather too little of the tough folk "pulling" their rough-and-tough stuff. In crook plays, I am all for snarls and great husky men who make you jump in your seat whenever they start to "grill" a victim in the effort to make him "come clean." The battle in this case goes to the weak and the meek. Miss Louise Hampton, as the spinster who keeps the house invaded by the gangsters, takes the familiar part of the seeming simpleton who really is no "sap," and of the tranquil party who can out-play the tough, handling the master-criminals with as much confidence and sangfroid as if they were the local parson and the schoolmaster. That kind of victory, where the lamb on Wall Street turns out to be a ravening wolf, or the quiet old lady emerges as a super-cop of super-killers, is always popular. Miss Hampton prevents the gang from getting away with next-to-murder, and we are all pleased by that.

The authors, Wilbur Daniel Steele and Norma Mitchell, have given us rather short measure. The play has one long interval, which separates two groups of two not very big scenes. The scenes depend a great deal on the quiet humour of Mr. Percy Kilbride, as the kind of worm-about-the-house whom any hen would peck. Mr. Kilbride has not been presented with any especially amusing lines. He merely has to fidget about the background with a wireless set, and hope that his pleasant aspect of domestic futility will make up for a poor part. His personality is most engaging, but it is a pity that he has not more to work upon. There are first-rate performances by Miss Mary Merrall and Mr. Edgar Mason. The play is potentially exciting, and the plot good enough, but the acting seemed to lack snap, pace and confidence on the first night—and what is a crook play without these? Or shall we blame the audience for being rather glum? The piece was produced on Budget Night. I should avoid producing on Budget Night, especially if there were a general expectation of an increase in the Income Tax. Rising taxes give a sinking feeling.

In "LORD ADRIAN," at the Gate, Lord Dunsany introduces us to an aged and intrepid Duke who experimentally constitutes himself one of our Fine Old Glanded Gentry. Having rejuvenated himself with the glandular essence of an ape, he marries his secretary, and begets a boy. The lad, however, begins to show traces of his very mixed parentage, not in the vulgar way of monkey-business, but as a humane, natural philosopher who feels himself to be the little brother of all wild things, and likes to go and have a good crawl in the woods. When it comes to nocturnal fraternising with foxes, and Promethean experiments in teaching animals the secret of fire, an English Duke realises that his queerly gotten youngster is neglecting the advice of the Western Brothers, "Don't let the side down, cads, don't let the side down." So he takes extreme measures against one who is letting down, in his opinion, the honour and security of *Homo* (more or less) *sapiens*.

It seems to me that in the curious longings and anti-human resentments of the half-animal boy, resentments possibly leading to a great Animal Revolt against oppressive man, there is matter for a good book in the manner of the earlier Wells. But it is a terribly hard subject to condense into a play. Lord Dunsany has wasted too much time in building the situation, and hardly gives his audience as much drama as they have a right to expect when all is ready. At the Gate Theatre one always expects and always receives work that is out of the rut and the routine. This new piece is fresh, forcible and disturbing. It might with advantage be more forcible and more disturbing. The performance contains creditable contributions from Miss Thea Holme, Mr. Robert Rendel, Mr. Harry Hutchinson, and Mr. Nigel Stock.

It is hard work to make an Englishman swallow satire, harder still to persuade him that he has enjoyed the process. Especially in the case of a big "musical" does the Englishman expect to be untroubled mentally and not required to pick up sharply made points. "ON YOUR TOES," now at the Coliseum, is essentially American in the demands it makes of the public. It expects them to understand satire, to enjoy a skit on the Russian Ballet which is a genuine piece of criticism, and not a wild burlesque, and generally to show some interest in the conflict between classical music and syncopated brands. All this will be regarded as capital by those who see no reason why musical shows should be arranged solely for the benefit of cretins. "On Your Toes" should put the English audience on its mettle It would be absurd if this gay, novel, and intelligent entertainment failed simply because its authors omitted to provide parts for Messrs. Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino. They have provided excellent rôles for Mr. Jack Whiting and Miss Vera Zorina, grand dancers both, and for Miss Olive Blakeney, who brilliantly taps across her wisecracks as others tap out their dances.

Sylvia's husband, George (PAUL FARRELL), faces her with a bundle of love-letters. She admits all. This is a dramatic moment in "The Edwardians" seen at Richmond last week.

"THE EDWARDIANS," Edward Knoblock's stage version of the novel by the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West (Mrs. Harold Nicolson), was presented at Richmond Theatre last week. Sebastian, Duke of Chevron (JOHN BAILEY), and Sylvia, Countess of Roehampton (DIANA NAPIER), through no virtue of their own, find themselves in love. The lady has a husband, so they become lovers.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page xii.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

It needs no great perspicacity to spot the novelistic origin of " JUMP FOR GLORY," a new Criterion Film production presented at the London Pavilion, nor would one, I imagine, go far wrong in assuming that Gordon Macdonnell's book, from which the romantic story of a cat-burglar is lifted, was of the popular persuasion. Several situations are old friends of fiction with whom we are on familiar terms, and the long arm of coincidence holds out a helpful hand. But the piece is well written, its ingredients skilfully assembled, and, under the fluent direction of Raoul Walsh, they fall smoothly into place to form a pleasant entertainment in which Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., is agreeably at his ease. As Ricky Morgan, who in his ebullient youth engaged in rum-running in America, he falls into the power of his double-crossing boss, to whom Alan Hale lends a deceptive *bonhomie* that is rather refreshing in a villain. In due time, the action now having reached London, Ricky starts on a career of nimble house-breaking, during which he meets a society girl whose methods of gold-digging are as successful as Ricky's burglaries. Together, the two decide to reform, a praiseworthy resolution complicated by the villain's intervention, his violent death, the heroine's trial for murder, and Ricky's chivalrous jump from roof to balcony, undertaken in cold blood, to demonstrate that he must have been the killer. I need scarcely add that the lovers are somewhat easily acquitted.

Sebastian (JOHN BAILEY) *proposes divorce and marriage, but, thinking of her reputation, Sylvia* (DIANA NAPIER) *will have none of this. However, she will always love him, she says. Sebastian goes off disillusioned, heartbroken, hurt and fed up, dragging his patronymic escutcheon behind him.*

The London settings of the British Museum and the courts, and a brief visit to Monte Carlo, lend variety as well as an air of authenticity to a story that must be taken at its surface value. It is strengthened by the hero's determination to be revenged on his persecutor, and enlivened by the boyish assurance, agility, and charm of Mr. Fairbanks. Valerie Hobson handles an unconvincing character with intelligence, albeit her grave-eyed heroine has more dignity than most gold-diggers can claim.

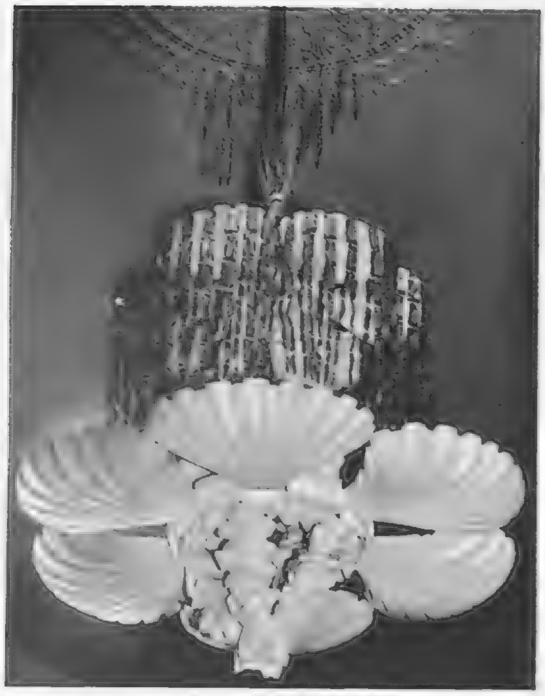
Yet another familiar figure of light fiction is the pretty secretary in love with her chief, and destined in the end, when numerous obstacles have been removed from her path, to marry him. In " MORE THAN A SECRETARY," a slender little comedy which can be seen at the New Gallery, two secretaries are in the running for a matrimonial prize, the one both pretty and efficient, the other merely pretty, or, rather, of that type of pert and blonde vacuity which gentlemen, so the legend runs, prefer. The efficient lady, roused by spring-time restlessness from contentment in her job as part-owner of a typewriting school, joins the staff of an earnest young editor of a health magazine, works like a slave, peps up the paper, and is on the high-road to happiness when the wholly incompetent but blithesome blonde intervenes. Efficiency thereupon takes flight; the abandoned editor, who has by this time become sufficiently humanised to indulge in whoopee with the blonde, learns his lesson, and the sound of wedding bells is in the air. The plot is as thin as paper, and needs a good deal of padding to enable it to stay the course. Amiable satire directed at health cranks, with physical jerks for the clerks and stenographers, and a diet of carrots or nuts for the famished secretary, fills in several gaps, whilst the heroine's campaign does the rest. Fortunately, Jean Arthur champions the cause of efficiency with excellent spirit. Her sense of character and the point she lends to any good line that comes her way are the picture's strongest assets, though George Brent seconds her efforts nobly in the part of the apparently autocratic but actually dunderheaded editor. Lionel Stander, as the office athlete, contributes his wisecracks, and Dorothea Kent, as the blonde peril, prattles amusingly in a picture conceived in and intended for a holiday humour.

" OUR FIGHTING NAVY," at the Plaza, is, as the title indicates, a stirring tribute to all the ratings of the Senior Service, planned on an ambitious scale, authentic in every detail appertaining to life on board a cruiser in peace-time and in war, and culminating in a climax of thrilling realism. This Herbert Wilcox production, vigorously directed by Norman Walker, has borrowed its fictional content from a story by "Bartimeus," and though the mild rivalry between the commander of *Audacious* and a junior officer for the favour of a British consul's charming daughter is no great matter, it suffices to bring the heroine into dire peril and to place the hero in the classic " 'twixt love and duty " quandary. Trouble over the customs at Bianca—somewhere, one surmises, on the Caribbean seaboard—leads to revolution, heralded by a knife aimed at the genial President, who finds refuge, together with a group of English residents, at the British consulate, where H. B. Warner, dignified representative of the Empire, anxiously awaits the return of his daughter, Hazel Terry. She and her escort, nicely played by Richard Cromwell, have been caught by the rebels and removed to the rebel warship *Amirante*, which promptly opens fire on the consulate. *Audacious*, with an assortment of refugees on board, comes into action in a short, sharp, and tremendously exciting encounter.

Two years later Sylvia (DIANA NAPIER), *now a widow, pops in with the suggestion that a new deal is what is wanted, but Sebastian* (JOHN BAILEY), *who, meantime, has been having the sort of time Lord Byron had in Venice, shows her the door. He is thinking of becoming a suffragette or exploring the Amazon and all that. Finis.*

The picture, whilst it keeps to the sea, has an absorbing documentary interest; it is, too, superbly photographed. Jack Tar, ready to cope with any situation, from salving a derelict canary to soothing feminine flutters, provides a little homely humour and shows a smart alacrity in the orderly confusion of a cruiser under heavy fire. He is duly honoured, without too much flag-waving in a production which reveals the various aspects of his activities in swift survey, and in which Robert Douglas as Captain Markham, sticks to his duty with admirable fortitude. Noah Beery, as the ill-fated President, preserves his *joie de vivre* to the end, and Esmé Percy is a ruthless rebel with a Laughton touch. This film comes at a topical moment, when we are all thinking of British naval history, for the opening of the National Maritime Museum a Greenwich by the King is one of the events of the week.

THE ROVING CAMERA REPORTS.



A lovely CHANDELIER OF CARVED ROCKS AND SHELLS, treated to resemble porcelain, hangs in Lady Jean Bertie's newly-decorated drawing-room. It was designed by Mr. Felix Harbord, the portrait-painter, sculptor, and decorator, who carried out the original décor for her house. He is the son of Brig.-General C. R. Harbord.

LADY JEAN BERTIE, younger daughter of the Marquess of Bute, is standing by the mantelpiece in her drawing-room, dressed for her recent big party. Mr. Harbord's scheme for the room was built round a fine Veronese painting of "Vanity" which he let into one wall. The other walls are adorned with panels painted by him.

MRS. JOHN DEWAR is prepared for a wet season, for she has the smartest waterproof yet seen. It is adorned with a pattern of tiny white umbrellas.

Members of the Royal Family attended a Coronation rehearsal last week, and the Dukes of Gloucester and Kent went through the ceremony of paying homage. Our group shows the DUKE OF NORFOLK, LORD HERBERT, the DUCHESS OF KENT, LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, the DUKE OF KENT, and LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN.

The DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH looked lovely at the Bart.'s Coronation Ball, held at the Dorchester. She is seen with SIR BROGRAVE BEAUCHAMP.

The marriage of the HON. HARRY McGOWAN, elder son of Lord and Lady McGowan, to MISS CARMEN CORY, youngest daughter of the late Sir Herbert Cory and of Elizabeth Lady Cory, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED DANIELS.

ANNA NEAGLE AS QUEEN VICTORIA.

ANNA NEAGLE *takes the part of the Queen in* "VICTORIA THE GREAT," *the new Herbert Wilcox film now in the making. This still shows her as Queen Victoria in her robes. The costumes for this important picture have been designed by Doris Zinkeisen and Tom Hazelwood, who have taken pains to make them correct in every detail. They are based on contemporary pictures.*

Crease-resisting black velvet for evening. This coat, with its slim-fitting waist and sweeping line at the back, has short, incredibly chic, sleeves of glamorous white fox. From the Younger Set Coat Salon for 28 Gns.

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

THE week-end golfer is generally regarded as a person of no importance in the golfing world. Week-end golf is considered to be extremely informal, perhaps a little inconsequential, and, so far as results of matches are concerned, merely an excuse or, perhaps, reason, for celebrating victories or forgetting defeats in the conviviality of the nineteenth hole. Recently I returned from a golfing week-end which at once confirmed and denied all these things. The occasion was the Halford Hewitt Trophy competition on those magnificent links of the Royal Cinque Ports Club at Deal, where nearly five hundred players gathered in teams of ten, each representing one of the Public Schools Old Boys' Golfing Societies. Halford Hewitt, who in an inspired moment conceived the idea of this tournament, did a greater service to week-end golfers than he could have imagined. I am sure he had no idea that what he intended to be a pleasant week-end on the links for Old Public Schoolboys would ever become the biggest amateur golf meeting in England, as, indeed, it was on this occasion, when forty-nine teams of ten players each competed. Then, too, the tournament combined informality with serious golf matches. The competitors were playing for the old schools, not only for themselves, and the result mattered. That, however, did not prevent the players from regaining some of the spirit of their schoolboy days, so that the celebrations were not unimportant.

MICHAEL BINGHAM *(Cooden Beach), who has just been appointed professional at Sunningdale, is shown driving off at the first tee at the Sussex Professional Golf Competition for the De La Warr Cup at Bexhill. He and his partner,* A. G. *Harrison (Hill Barn), won the knock-out foursomes at the Sussex County O.G.U. Spring meeting at Bexhill.*

Our Compliments to the Finalists.

The donor of the Trophy had some difficulty in concealing his undoubted pleasure in the fourth successive victory of Charterhouse, his old school. Old Carthusians have won the trophy six times, and once they reached the final there was not very much doubt in anybody's mind about the ultimate issue. Their opponents in the final were Old Lerpoolians, a school whose name appeared in the list for the first time. Nobody seemed to take much notice of this youthful side, under the leadership of Ivor Thomas, until towards the end. But the Old Liverpool College players deserve almost as great a tribute as the winners, for they beat many famous teams in the record field, even though it must be confessed they were in the easier half of the draw. Strangely enough, both finalists had at least one narrow escape. In the third round against Old Westminsters, Ivor Thomas and I. de Winter had to go to the nineteenth hole to win the deciding match for Lerpoolians. Carthusians had an even narrower escape against Tonbridge in the same round. T. A. Bourn and C. Middleton had to play twenty-three holes before they won the deciding point. As one Carthusian put it, they deserved their "punishment," for they had no right to lose all of the four holes lead they held with seven holes played.

In Parts an Ordeal.

Unfortunately the weather was not kind, and consequently the golfing week-end was, in parts, an ordeal. On the Saturday, for example, there were so many matches to be played that, in spite of starting at eight o'clock in the morning, they had not finished when it was dark. Several games were therefore suspended until Sunday morning. But it was, on the whole, one of the most successful meetings ever held, and even disappointed teams went away happy. Some who thought they had no chance, packed their bags before going out for their first match, and had to unpack them again. Other teams who thought equally lightly of their chances challenged similar pessimists to a match later in the day—some of these, too, had to be abandoned. So, you see, it was a great meeting, with keen competition leavened with the ordinary pleasures of a golfing week-end.

Bobby Jones's Successor.

At the moment, England's leading amateurs are engaged in the more serious business of winning something for themselves. Beautiful Saunton, in Devon, where it is claimed every known English wild flower is to be found on some part of the links, is the scene of the English Amateur Championship. It began last Monday, and therefore I do not feel it is at all necessary to offer my so frequently erroneous views as to the chances of the respective competitors. What I do know is that there are a great many of our leading amateurs who have been taking the game very seriously during the winter months, and training hard for the first of the championships, and therefore it seems safe to predict that Harry Bentley may have some difficulty in retaining his title. There is comfort in the knowledge that English amateur golf is on the upgrade, for this year there will be a strong overseas challenge and in golf circles they are already talking of the coming of Bobby Locke, the youthful South African amateur who recently won the Open and Amateur Championships of the Union. Locke, we are told, has improved since his visit to this country a year ago. If that is so, it seems that a worthy successor to Bobby Jones has been found.

MISS BRIDGET NEWELL *(r.) and* MISS GWEN CRADOCK-HARTOPP *(Cavendish) won, for the second year in succession, the Ladies' Northern Foursomes organised by the "Bystander" at Birkdale, beating Mrs. Forbes-Cooper and Miss L. Johnson (West Lancashire) in the final round by 6 and 5. Our photograph shows* MR. S. E. CHARLTON, *captain of the Club, with* MRS. FRANKLIN HINDLE, *the lady captain, presenting the trophies to the winners.*

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THE

TWO charming bridesmaids, as gay and fresh as a summer day. The first in a frock of powder-blue chiffon, the full skirt composed of gauged bands, and the fichu shoulder-straps forming a loop at the back through which the soft sash is threaded.

The coat, with its double-scalloped collar, is made of violet net, and the head-dress and posy are of shaded anemones. This dress and coat can be copied in any colours.

The girl in the foreground wears a picture-frock of white net appliquéd with lace bands. It has enormously full sleeves, a square neck, and at the waist is a posy of lilies-of-the-valley backed with a net frill to match the charming little double-frilled hat.

You will find them both, with many others equally original and flattering, at Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, S.W.

JOHN EVERARD.

SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

ROYAL REMINDER

IN years to come one will remember the Coronation and will treasure the things that help to bring it back to mind, for these are great days.

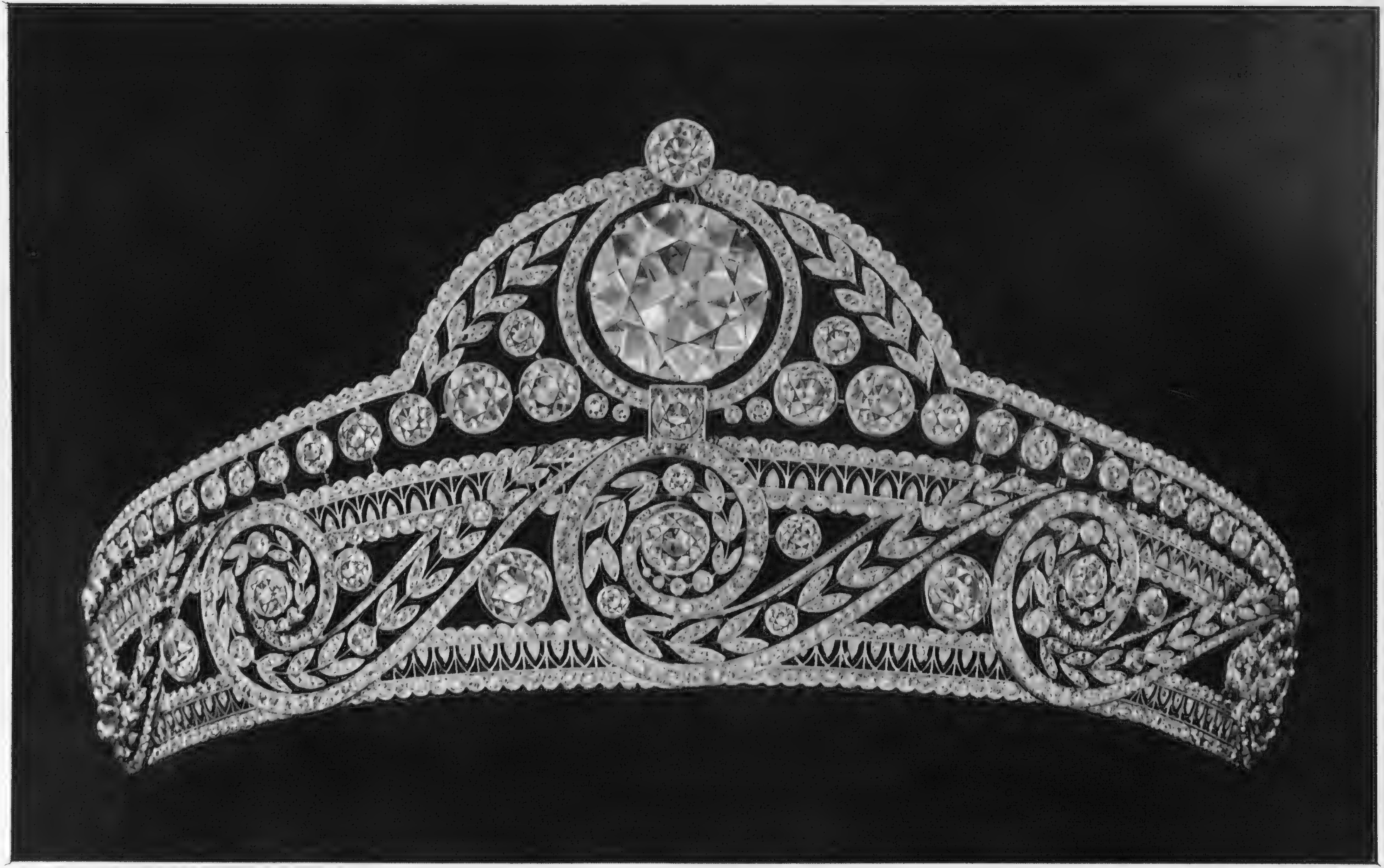
Always, since the beginning of time, people have wanted to commemorate events that have moved their hearts, and so Coty has created a rare and enchanting perfume called " Les Trois Couleurs."

It is housed in an exquisite Chrystal container and only a limited number are being made, after which the colour printing-plates are to be destroyed.

So it will remain a collector's souvenir of a magnificent occasion. The price is 18s. 6d., and it would be very hard to find for any woman a more appropriate and welcome gift.

JOHN EVERARD

A WONDERFUL CORONATION JEWEL



A wonderful Diamond Tiara which includes a 50 carat specimen Diamond worth over £50,000 and has been designed and made by Captain William Ogden of 4, King Street, St. James's Square, S.W.1, for a Coronation order.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"WHY the blue ticket?" asked The Engineer, turning it over as carefully as if it had been a piece of Sèvres.

"That is to show you the area where your Coronation seat is."

"And you are advised to get there before 7 a.m., I see. Bridge tables, breakfast, luncheon, snack-bar; they do their best to amuse you, don't they?"

"One of my men is in a Territorial regiment," said The Broker, "and he asked for the day off, which, of course, I gave him. Now he says that the regiment want him to volunteer for four days' duty. That 's rather a different proposition, don't you think?"

"Will he be at home for the time?"

"No: under canvas in Kensington Gardens. I want to do everything I can, in my small way, to help, but four days——"

"Don't you think there 's likely to be a slump in these tickets a few days before the Coronation?"

"At first I did," replied The Broker. "There 's going to be such a rush from the provinces that I doubt if my guess will come off. Do you think it will?"

"I was in Piccadilly on the Sunday morning when they had the first rehearsal," The Merchant replied. "At half-past six a.m. there was a line of people right along. At seven o'clock they were three or four deep. I saw a good many children with their fathers and mothers; and about half-a-dozen babies being carried in arms."

"And the clocks had been put on an hour that morning, hadn't they?"

"They had. It was cold and cheerless, but yet the people came. And brought children. What it will be like on The Day, I just can't imagine."

"The Yankee market during a boom won't be in it."

"Won't be wanted in it, either. Oh, yes; I am fully aware that you didn't mean it in that way——"

"But he insists upon having his little joke," sniffed The City Editor. "Have you noticed the struggle that 's been going on in connection with Canadian newsprint shares?"

"Really funny, isn't it?" The Jobber chuckled. "One paper saying that the prices are too high; and the other one just as strongly maintaining that the shares will go better. It isn't often that we get two newspapers giving exactly opposite views at the same time. I wonder which will turn out to be right. They can't both be, that 's a certainty."

"We shall see," The Broker said oracularly. "I haven't been in the swim, so it won't make any difference to me."

"I hope you were in the shipping boom?"

"Only in a modest way. Like a fool, I told everybody to buy the shares, and then I didn't touch them myself."

"Your clients owe you thanks——"

"Well, haven't we been saying for some weeks past that the best shipping shares were good to have? I expect you have all bought them—through other brokers, no doubt."

"Saucer of Grade 'A' for one," ordered The Jobber. "Now tell us what we do now with our shipping profits."

"Take them," replied The Broker tersely.

"For why? The companies must be earning very big profits."

"The shares have had very big rises."

"But doesn't the big money come from holding on to sound shares and ignoring the nimble ninepence theory?"

"In a way, you 're right. But markets are different to-day from what they were six months ago."

"You needn't tell us that," said The Jobber. "Don't we all know it?"

"Wish I had sold some of my stock at the top," The Merchant observed, without, however, raising so much as a smile. "I doubt if we shall have another chance."

"Of selling at the top?"

"Of getting the prices that we could have done before the scare was started about America refusing to buy gold."

"Who started that rumour?" asked The Jobber curiously. "It was denied, of course; but, all the same for that, it caused very heavy losses. Yet nobody bothered to find out where it came from."

"I 've been asked several times," The Broker added, "whether the rumour was deliberate, or if there were some misapprehension that started it. Why don't you newspapers ferret out a thing like this?"

The City Editor retorted that they had matters of greater importance with which to occupy their time and their columns.

"Really! You don't say so? It is of no particular consequence, then, for people to lose thousands of pounds through a false rumour being circulated?"

The City Editor asked whether they had noticed the rise in West African shares.

The Broker indignantly protested against changing the subject, but The Engineer had taken up the challenge:

"You were all pretty sceptical," he reminded them, "when I pointed out the scope there was in that market on account of the good results the companies were publishing. You told me——"

"Yes, I know we did, dearie. But at that time, our minds were full of the Budget and copper shares and a dozen other things, so your West African tips failed to get the hearing they deserved. What do we do now?"

"Well, the Budget is out of the way——"

"Its results are not," The Merchant lamented. "And there is the Coronation coming on, to divert our interest from stocks and shares."

"You think it will? I doubt if it will make much appreciable difference to people's minds, provided you give them something really interesting in your markets."

"We can always do that," observed The Jobber, who had been unusually quiet this morning. "If it isn't one market, it 's another."

"My trouble," The Merchant admitted, "is that I 'm generally in the wrong one."

"Possibly due to the fact that you won't take your profits when they come along."

"That may have something to do with it. But prices move so freakishly nowadays. There 's no keeping up with them."

"What we forget," The City Editor laid down, "is that the Stock Exchange markets are highly temperamental just now, and that the merits of a company, or an industry, may count for nothing if shares have got to be sold by people compelled to close accounts or to raise cash for payment of differences."

"You should keep your sentences short," said The Jobber. "That last one nearly ran for three months. Not but what you are right, for once in a way——"

"Make it twice. I put you into Rhodesian copper shares."

"Ah! But you didn't tell us when to get out. I still hold my Roan Antelope."

"And you can continue to do so without losing half-an-hour's sleep at night. Roan is paying you good dividends now, and will increase these before long."

"The price is a long way below the best."

"Another instance of the financial character of your markets, as opposed to their intrinsic merits. You needn't worry."

"I don't intend to. Only I dislike seeing my shares slip away."

"Who does not, may I ask? As a matter of fact, the fall in prices from their recent best is not a bad thing, by any means. You don't mind buying things at to-day's prices——"

"Rubber shares?"

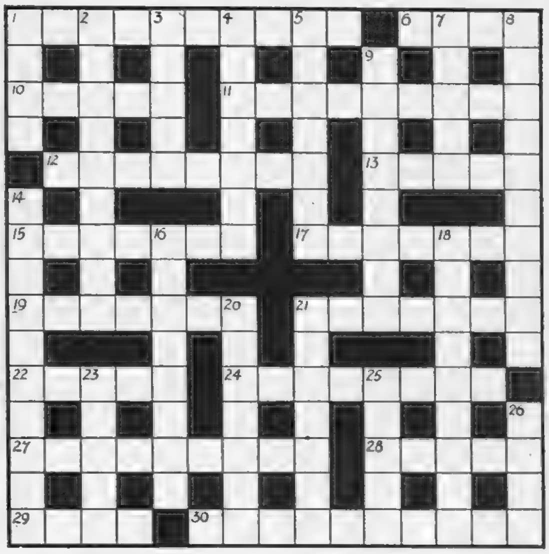
"Certainly. The rubber market was spoiled by the price going up to one-and-a-penny. That made people think a boom was knocking at the door. If rubber had stuck at tenpence-ha'penny, it would have been better for everyone. The companies are making handsome profits at that price. But costs are pretty sure to go up: labour, transport——"

"Transport 'C' looks cheap after its recent fall. What made it drop like that?"

"The story that there might be a Coronation-time strike. But I shouldn't throw away your tickets until then"—and The Jobber retrieved them from the floor—"fifty pounds seems a lot of money to trample underfoot anywhere outside the Stock Exchange."

Friday, April 23, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. As regards armaments, this beheaded seems to have replaced it (10).
6. One aspect of a quadruped that is likely to satisfy you (4).
10. When black, you can't say she has never taken any prisoners (5).
11. Partitions usually are (9).
12. Grouse (8).
13. Propels a boat (5).
15. Let moor come to wobbling in tone (7).
17. Ape (7).
19. The sportsman to tell the tale, as it were (7).
21. Might be Belgian, but he isn't by any means (7).
22. Zest is wind and nothing more (5).
24. The sort of bark that emanates from no dog (8).
27. I 'm in with a situation by a Yorkshire river, but it 's a fraudulent deception (9).
28. Come up again (5).
29. With long years such dress becomes mere useless stuff (4).
30. Such a man has no doubt been the victim of many a touching experience (10).

DOWN.

1. Essential to the climber (4).
2. Though Dee and Dovey water it, it might be Rhine to me (9).
3. A mile-stone inspector (5).
4. Ripped? Bother, the high wind, no doubt! (7).
5. Not the sort of ottoman you 'll sit on nowadays (7).
7. Joint (5).
8. Much hyphenated appearance of Sue frilled (10).
9. Dislike is one rendering, anyhow (8).
14. Sporadic, but enough to take your breath away with a letter altered (10).
16. Such a show is but poorly equipped (hyphen, 3 and 5).
18. Doesn't exactly "wander down the mountain side" (9).
20. Marry and end in the river (7).
21. These capital foreigners sound as if they wore shorts (7).
23. He has nothing to say for himself (5).
25. A heavenly sign (5).
26. Not a nice thing to call a child (4).

This England . . .

" Old Harry "—near Swanage

IN little ships upon great waters Drake and his kind learnt their seamanship; and still do tiny English tramps go *"coastwise—cross-seas—round the world and back again"* in order that the tides of our business may flow smoothly. Tradition rules the Merchant Marine as in all things the English do well, even to the brewing of their beer. A tradition older than Drake indeed, governs the brewing of your Worthington, a beer favoured by merchant and mariner alike.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

SELDOM can a biographer have been presented with a more difficult task then Mr. Guy Chapman has had in writing the life of William Beckford. First there are the scandals which drove him from social and debarred him from public life. Mr. Chapman had to decide whether to steer a bold or a cautious course through these shoals and currents. On the whole, he prefers to be outspoken, though he puts a more charitable construction on his subject's vagaries than some might, having regard to the facts. Again, though there is a tremendous mass of correspondence for the biographer to draw on, it is deprived of much of its value by some curious omissions. For many years Alexander Cozens, the painter and orientalist, was Beckford's chief confidant. Beckford preserved his letters to Cozens, with their illuminating references to William Courtenay and to the black magic, or whatever it was, that made memorable the Christmas festivities at Fonthill in 1781; but all Cozens' replies he destroyed. Nor did he keep any letters from his wife, Lady Margaret, to whom he seems to have been, after his fashion, devoted. Both these correspondents, especially Cozens, would have told posterity much that, in its present mood of curiosity, it would be eager to know. These are positive losses; but there is another feature of the correspondence still more tantalising and exasperating. In old age, Beckford appears to have rewritten many of his letters, partly perhaps as a literary exercise, and partly because he wished to interpret his past in the light of his present feelings. In particular, he was desirous of appearing less in love with his cousin by marriage, Louisa Beckford, than (if the earlier letters are a true criterion) he was during the time she was his mistress. The business of sifting the new from the old, of estimating the possible value and reliability of Beckford's second thoughts, must have been heartbreaking. Mr. Chapman, in his exceedingly diffident preface, says that the problem has been too much for him. Personally, I think he has handled it with exemplary tact, ability, and judgment; and I feel sure that most of his readers will agree. He has painted the picture of one of the most elusive personages in literary history, and made it fit what he knows, and surmises, of the man. Mocking, handsome, sensitive, sensual, and sly, Beckford's face glances sidelong at us in Sir Joshua's portrait. We find these traits in Mr. Chapman's masterly biography, with many more as well.

The DUKE OF NORFOLK, *the* EARL MARSHAL, *and his eldest sister,* LADY RACHEL HOWARD, *represented the King and Queen at the first rehearsal of the Abbey ceremony held last week. There will be others before the Coronation and Lady Rachel will take the part of the Queen in all of them. The Duke on subsequent occasions, may find it necessary to delegate the duty of acting as the King's deputy.*

A Man of Mystery. And if some are still missing, we must not repine. The Abbot of Fonthill deliberately created mystery round him. Half-genius, half-charlatan, he rejoiced in his impenetrability. "Not an animal understands me," he said. It was a boast as well as a complaint. He posed even to himself; perhaps one should say, especially to himself. He liked to see himself, as Byron did, fitfully lit up by the glare from the Pit, and his friends played up to him—none more so than Louisa, who was always writing of the "little victims" she was collecting for the nameless revels at Fonthill.

The Abbot of Fonthill. Mr. Chapman makes it clear that in his youth Beckford was a likable and affectionate fellow. Coming of an immensely rich middle-class family, whose whole aim was worldly success, he reacted from their standards. He carried too far the twin ambitions of pleasing and being pleased, thereby falsifying his personal relationships. Too self-dramatising to be capable of genuine love, he enjoyed arousing it. We can picture his self-complacence when Louisa wrote: "Never William shall I be reconciled to the idea of your being in the arms of another. 'Tis like a bar of iron dropped between me and happiness." Yet there must have been something lovable in him to inspire Louisa's devotion, and to make his wife, Lady Margaret, willingly abandon her world and all it stood for and follow him into exile. After his disgrace, which was an irreparable *fait accompli* by the time he was twenty-five, his character hardened and deteriorated—

> There began to swell in him a contempt and hatred for his countrymen of his own class, dull, cruel, and hypocritical, who revered nothing but power and cared not whence it was derived. "I wish for the pestilential breath of an African serpent," he wrote, "to destroy every Englishman that comes in my way."

True, after his enforced absences in Portugal and Spain he did return to England, and "at eighty he was still hankering after the coronet that his immature extravagance had cost him at four-and-twenty." But he returned a confirmed eccentric, using his vast income (at one time more than a hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year) simply to further his caprices, without wishing others to share them. Chief of these was the construction of the neo-Gothic "abbey" of Fonthill with its sky-aspiring tower—a jerry-built folly that was built and fell, and rebuilt only to fall again, all in the space of twenty-five years.

The building that nearly ruined Beckford (he retired to Bath on the proceeds of its sale, a beggarly three hundred thousand pounds) is now itself a ruin, of which only a few crumbling traces remain; and it is not fanciful to see a parallel between the fate of his monument and that of his reputation—both, it may be thought, the evanescent creations of a fabulous fortune. To others, Beckford's wealth will appear his undoing: he swallowed the silver spoon and it choked his genius. No doubt both these views have something to be said for them, but his astonishing career raises points more interesting than the hard cash which made it possible. For one thing, his life, even more than Byron's, to which it has so often been compared, epitomises the spirit of the Romantic revival; it is the most startling and complete, though by no means the most valuable, example of the break-away from the tradition of common sense that had ruled the eighteenth century. Beckford tried to impose on a Europe torn between tradition and revolution the conditions of existence prevailing in the "Arabian Nights." He was an English Caliph who tried to restore the traditions and practices of a legendary world; and his fate was the fate of many worthier idealists. Or, if we regard it from a more personal angle, we may see his life as the tragedy, or tragi-comedy, of an excessive

[*Continued overleaf.*

MISS D. RALLI *and* MISS P. ILLINGWORTH *appeared at the Vine Hunt Gymkhana, held at Beaurepaire Park, Basingstoke, in this "ski-driving" act, which was adjudged the most original entry in the Driving Class.*

Six new shades

Now, with your Spring outfit, lighter, brighter stockings! And here comes Aristoc, stocking style-leader, with the six correct new shades, each subtly different.

SUNBRONZE—gleaming like wet copper.

FLATTERY—the supremely lovely deep copper . . . like the curls of a Rossetti angel.

CAPRI—sophisticated light tan, capturing the hot tranquillity of the world's most famous little island.

SYMPHONY—is it copper or is it bronze? It's neither, it's both.

AMBERTAN—a charming impertinent cocktail-hour colour, equal parts gold and bronze—dashed with pink.

PEACH GLOW—the swooning pinky-gold of an Algerian sunset.

Aristoc THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS · · **3/11** *to* **10/6**

Continued.]
sensibility warped and poisoned by a hostile environment: Beckford "did not . . . know the power of a social nucleus, however ponderous in movement, to crush the most agile of butterflies." The *cabotin*, the self-deceiver, the man whose current of life is too weak and thin to fertilise the pretensions, emotional or other, with which it bedecks itself, is an eternal type to be found in all classes of society. Beckford regarded himself as a man of feeling, and so in a sense he was. But the feeling was self-nourished. Project it as he might towards others, it eventually snapped back again, like elastic.

JACK JACKSON *is the musical director of the Dorchester Hotel and the composer of "The White Rose Waltz." He had the honour of having the dedication of this waltz accepted by her Majesty the Queen (when H.R.H. the Duchess of York). The piece was played for the first time at the "White Rose Ball" on March 9 last, in aid of the Queen's Hospital for Children, of which her Majesty is Patron and his Majesty is President. Special Presentation Copies, bound in pale blue satin and autographed by the composer, have been accepted by Lady May Abel Smith, the Earl of Athlone, and other notable people.*

The Man and the Author. Patient, copious, scholarly, sympathetic, lit up by brilliant conjectures and flashes of insight, Mr. Chapman's reconstruction of Beckford the man makes a fascinating story. But it is not Beckford the eccentric, or the builder, or the connoisseur, or the sinner who challenges the attention of posterity, but Beckford the writer, the creator of "Vathek." Mr. Chapman disposes of some of the legends that have collected round this remarkable work. It was not written in a day and a night; it was not even written entirely by Beckford himself: four hands collaborated in it. But the peculiar blend of imagination which inspired it is Beckford's own, and is unique. It represents the fusion into a work of art of the two contradictory strains whose "struggle is the story of Beckford's youth": his romantic ideas and his classical sense of form. The style is measured and chiselled; the imagery and the incidents bizarre in the last degree. No one who reads the book can forget its flavour, or, in spite of imitations, find that flavour elsewhere.

"One Life, One Copeck." This is a novel of the Russian Revolution, with special reference to the conditions and events that led up to it. It is a dreadful story. Ivan Petrof, the "hero," is a peasant's son who gets sent to Siberia at the age of fifteen for having, in defence of his "master," attacked a man with a bottle in a drunken brawl. This bad start, together with the infinitely sordid conditions of his upbringing, explain, but to my mind do not excuse, his subsequent behaviour. Homicidal by inclination, he finds, when, with the help of a murder, he escapes from prison, ample opportunity to indulge his favourite pastime—

Nothing had given him greater pleasure than crashing the bottle on his head; it probably had killed him, anyway he hoped so. . . .
"Pick this bastard up and put him in the belting, where it passes through the wall. That will break him to bits, and who'll know the difference, he's not the first one."
"Fine," said Ivan, "much better than the spanner." . . .
"You killed Pigface? Boy, you deserve a medal!" . . .
"I suppose you know who killed that bastard, laid his head open wide so that his brains were trickling over the floor like soup when they picked him up?" . . .

On joining the Bolshevik party, Ivan found his peculiar aptitudes much appreciated. As a Revolutionary he had, however, one weakness. While acting as spy in a bourgeois household run on English lines, he fell in love with an aristocrat—by a strange, too strange, coincidence the daughter of his former master. She saved his life when his hosts, having discovered his real *raison d'être* in their house, were for terminating it. Result: an internal conflict. "If you love any girl it means you 're disloyal," said Drusak, his stern mentor; "the revolution is a mistress who admits no rival." So Ivan tries to put the thought of Nina behind him—and succeeds until almost the last page, when he finds he has to blow her up. Mr. Duranty is a realistic writer, who accepts the fact that revolutions are not won without hard knocks.

"Golden Peacock." "Golden Peacock," too, opens with a massacre, the heroine's father and mother being done to death by a troop of marauding Gauls. Pomponia was a girl of spirit as well as a considerable heiress, and naturally she wished her parents avenged. But she was soon to have her hands full with her own concerns; a conspiracy was afoot, and she presently realised that it involved not only her but the highest in the land, even the Emperor Augustus himself. Intrigue came easily to Pomponia; and she had a powerful friend in Mæcenas, as well as a betrothed of a spirit as indomitable as her own: Mallius. She moved, too, in artistic circles, Horace was her guardian, Virgil and Ovid familiar acquaintances. In the intervals of checkmating the enemies of the State, she indulged in literary criticism. She knew how to handle a dagger, as her chief enemy found to his cost. She was, in fact, an all-round girl, and a very likable one. She tells her own story, in a rather headlong manner, due (she explains) to her study of Thucydides; she was observant, and her glance took in much of ancient Rome which is now the study of archæologists. Perhaps Mrs. Atherton has a little clogged her story with antiquarian and historical lore; otherwise it is an excellent novel.

"Death of Mr. Dodsley."

In many detective stories we are apt to be bored by the super-intelligence of those concerned in the detection of crime. Mr. Ferguson, author of "Death of Mr. Dodsley," does not err in that way; he goes to the other extreme. A sergeant and a constable might be excused for not knowing the value of an early edition of "The Rape of Lucrece"; but surely a private detective and an Inspector from Scotland Yard should not have displayed such lamentable lack of common sense in the matter of the murdered man's diary. Consequently we cannot feel much interest in them or their problem. The use of the safe deposit was at least original; but there again its double implication might have been seen without much difficulty.

MR. FRANK CAPRA, *the famous American film director who made "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and "Lost Horizon," the new Columbia picture at the Tivoli, is seen arriving at Southampton in the "Normandie" with* MRS. FRANK CAPRA.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Beckford. By Guy Chapman. (*Cape; 15s.*)
One Life, One Copeck. By Walter Duranty. (*Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.*)
Golden Peacock. By Gertrude Atherton. (*Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d.*)
Death of Mr. Dodsley. By John Ferguson. (*Collins; 7s. 6d*).

THIS new style of coachwork on carriage lines has met with immediate success. It is a roomy 5-seater with built-in luggage platform to take a full size cabin trunk. If a chauffeur is employed, the front seats can be separated from the rear compartment by a neat glass partition which is normally concealed behind the front seat by a folding table. On the 17 h.p. chassis with its brilliant performance and especially rapid acceleration this distinguished saloon is outstanding among modern British cars. Price £495 (ex Works)

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MOTOR DICTA. By ALAN C. HESS.

DOUBTLESS those many thousands of Londoners who had their appetites for motor-racing whetted at the successful opening meeting at the Crystal Palace last week will want some more—and want it quickly. Well, I can heartily recommend the Campbell Trophy Race, to be run over the new Road Circuit at Brooklands on Saturday next. This new course, which was designed by Sir Malcolm Campbell, and has been under construction during the winter months, was officially opened on Tuesday of last week, when an interesting ceremony marked the event.

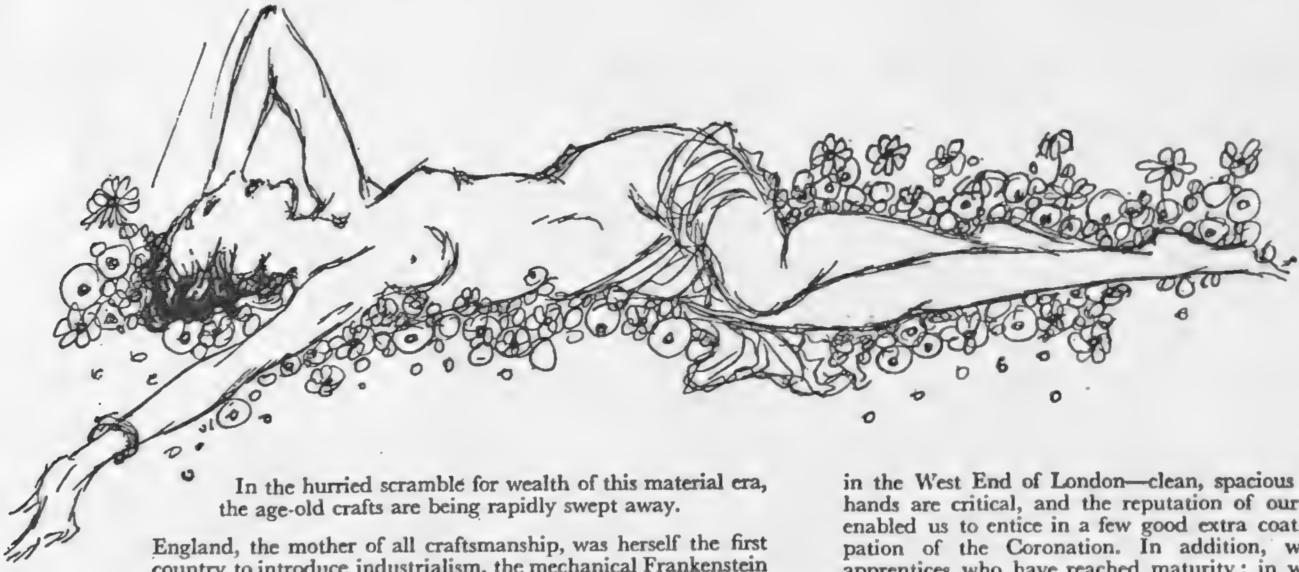
Dame Ethel Locke-King, widow of the late Mr. H. F. Locke-King, the originator of the Brooklands track thirty years ago, cut a tape and so enabled the pioneer racing-motorist, S. F. Edge, to make the first drive round the new circuit. Mr. Edge did the *circuit d'honneur* in a Napier car similar to one in which he set up a 24-hour world record in 1907 on the original course. One of the finest and fastest circuits of its type in the world, the new road, which is 2¼ miles in length, links up with the original high-speed track, and has a width of 32 ft. on the straight, widening to 40 ft. on the hairpin bends.

Next Saturday's race, which starts at 2.30 p.m., has attracted entries from most of Britain's greatest drivers. The race is approximately 230 miles in length, comprising 100 laps. Earl Howe, Pat Fairfield, and Raymond Mays will be among a party of eight handling the British E.R.A. cars, which are rapidly making history here and abroad. Some of the fastest cars that Italy and France can build will take part, but chiefly British drivers will handle them, including Chris Staniland, famous aeroplane test-pilot and racing-motorist, who will be at the wheel of an Italian Alfa Romeo, and A. P. Hamilton, who was narrowly beaten by world record-breaker John Cobb at Easter, on a similar car.

We are always supposed to be eccentric in England. In nothing are we more eccentric than in our "Follies," those towers, imitation ruins, and belvederes that our forefathers dotted about on the tops of hills. Now that people can get about on the roads, "follies" are coming

The 20-25-H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY "ATALANTA" SALOON *is a most attractive car whose performance is on a par with its looks—first class.*

[Continued overleaf.



In the hurried scramble for wealth of this material era, the age-old crafts are being rapidly swept away.

England, the mother of all craftsmanship, was herself the first country to introduce industrialism, the mechanical Frankenstein which killed all the poetry of individual achievement.

Almost everything can now be produced effectively by machine. Except good clothes.

No mechanical device can mould into a coat the style which hand-sewing alone can impart. And the skilled hand-sewing journeymen tailors are a race that is quickly dying. Young men are not prepared to undergo the arduous five years apprenticeship; they prefer an unskilled job at a higher starting wage. Foreign labour—the best comes from Scandinavia—is prohibited. Good journeymen tailors are at a premium.

How then is London going to maintain its position as the supreme arbiter of men's styles; how will it handle the influx of fresh business during the Coronation?

Pope and Bradley are fortunate in having the finest workshops in the West End of London—clean, spacious and airy. Coathands are critical, and the reputation of our workshops has enabled us to entice in a few good extra coathands in anticipation of the Coronation. In addition, we have several apprentices who have reached maturity; in which respect we are almost unique among first class houses. Pope and Bradley employ at the moment over ten per cent of the total tailoring apprentices of the whole of England and Wales. Which does not mean that we have so very many.

But it does mean that, among those who have served their five years, we have a staff of skilled workhands, magnificently equipped to handle the added influx of trade that we anticipate. And in a manner which will uphold London prestige unchallenged in the sartorial world.

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ALLPORTS: COLMORE ROW, BIRMINGHAM

Luggage Tan
It's smart to have Luggage Tan soles and heels to your dark blue shoes.
FAUDORE Model - Blue suede - Tan Calf
Leather heel
Blue silk cord with blue suede tassels
GHILLIE model - Fine stitching & perforations
Leather heel
Small strap and buckle
TREDORE model - Blue Calf Leather heel
dainty perforations on toe.
Silk cord with bone ends
H & M Rayne LTD.
GLENDRY model - Blue suede, Tan Calf - Leather Heel
Raynes
58 NEW BOND ST. and 152 REGENT ST. LONDON W.1.
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN MARY
MAYFAIR Model - Blue Suede - Leather Heel. Very smart pinking and perforations.

SAC shape chevrette suède Gloves in Margaret Rose, royal purple and royal red with black leather sequin effect on the back. Per pair **12/9**

Fashion Glove Week

An exposition of the newest novelties for the brilliant Coronation season.

SUPER French washable doeskin Gloves Hand-sewn. In black, brown, navy, white, burgundy and green. Per pair **19/6**

CRYSTAL Button French Suède, hand-sewn in Coronation colour of royal purple, royal red and royal blue with contrasting colours. Per pair **12/9**

Marshall & Snelgrove

OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

" Shall I wear the black velvet or the lace ? "

" *So you're going to Henry's party tonight, after all ?* "

" Looks rather like it, doesn't it ? Rather a bore though. I mean, I love to dance but, oh, the morning after! One can't refuse *every* drink, can one ? "

" Ca depende cherie. *You can at least stick to Gin and Lime. After all nature meant it for girls like us who like parties and good times but don't like hopeless dawns,* and *Lime Juice is easy on the complexion as well as the constitution.*"

" How nice and reassuring you are Julia. Is Ronnie in the Lime Juice business by any chance ? "

" *He isn't. But he says he gets through a bottle of Rose's Lime Juice a week. Drinks it at night. Something to do with hang-overs. Dr. Grant advised Dora to drink it for her figure, too.*"

" About time somebody advised Dora to do something about her figure."

" *M'm — I should wear the black velvet darling — it should harmonise perfectly with your feline mood.*"

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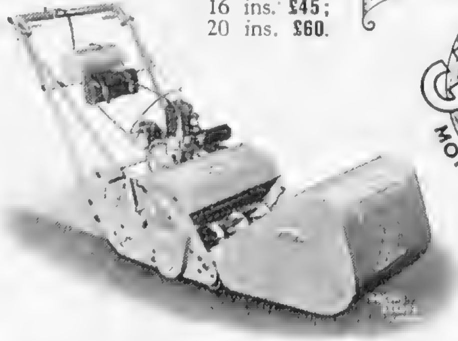

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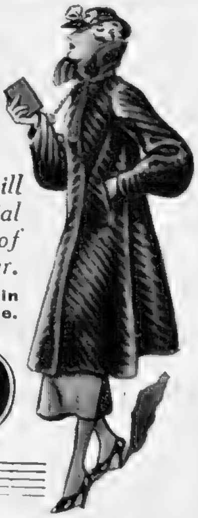

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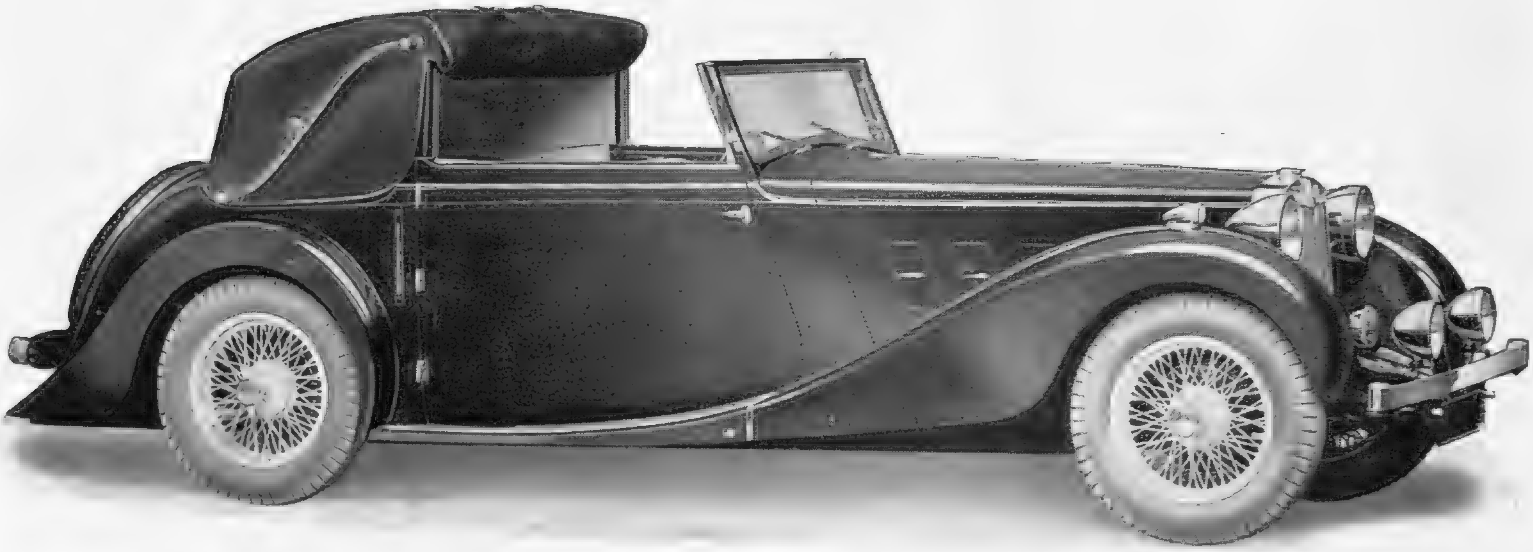

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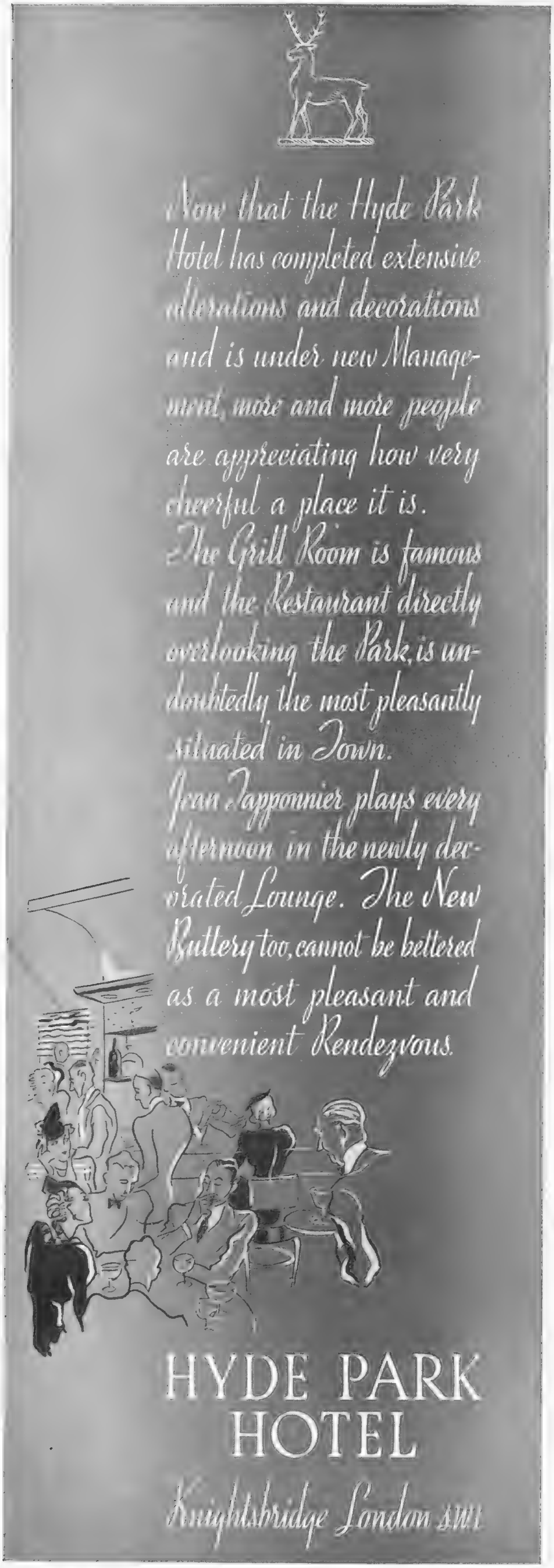

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into their own. Motorists are beginning to wonder what they are and why they were put there. A series of lorry bills of various "follies" of England has been painted by well-known artists for Shell. Jezreel's Tower, for instance, that extraordinary thing built against the last Judgment Day by the New and Later House of Israel religion, near Rochester, has been painted by Tristram Hillier.

Lord Berners has painted a picture of his own "folly" tower at Faringdon, in Berkshire. A local council, it will be remembered,

The MORRIS "EIGHT" *continues to acquire improvements. It now has a sprung steering-wheel; a carburetter air-silencer; and an engine-fume exhaust-pipe. This notable small car still sells at the rate of about 1000 a week.*

caused some amusement by attempting to forbid Lord Berners to build a tower on his own land. Now it is a sight of the neighbourhood, and people ascend it to see for miles across the Thames Valley, and the Vale of the White Horse, from its Gothic summit. The Sham Castle at Bath, which looks so impressive from the city, like some stately fortification, but which turns out to be only a fake wall when you get up to it, is also in the series.

"Follies" were put up, generally, for one of these reasons: (1) they were intended as a romantic addition to the landscape of the park of some country house. They look fine from the house itself, and a bit ludicrous when not seen from a distance. (2) They were put up out of spite. Someone wanted to get the better of someone else, as at Wainhouse Folly, Halifax, where a manufacturer is said to have spent £10,000 converting one of his factory chimneys into an observation tower, so that he could see over his neighbour's grounds. (3) They were put up for a purpose, generally obscure.

The "FLYING STANDARD TEN" *is likely to become one of the season's best-sellers. It is a comfortable four-seater saloon, with plenty of head- and leg-room and exceptionally good springing. Two models are available: the saloon, selling at £169, and the saloon de luxe, priced at £179. The equipment in both cases includes "Triplex" safety glass in all windows, a flush-fitting sunshine roof, and self-cancelling traffic-indicators.*

Some were water-towers; others, as those on the hills in Somerset, commanded fine views. One, Peterson's Folly, at Sway, in Hampshire, was put up to show the stability of concrete. It is a thin tower, as high as a Cathedral. Whatever the reasons for putting them up, "follies" are always mysterious and generally beautiful. The Shell series of lorry bills has been devised to give them some of the recognition they have long deserved—also to please those who like good pictures of English scenery.

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCXCVI.

MORE ABOUT COUPS.

WHEN you find it necessary to make a coup, which for your own sake I hope will be but seldom, be careful how you make it. I mean, decide on your plan of attack or defence, as the case may be, *before* it is your turn to play; don't wait until the trick comes up to your hand, and *then* pause, think and fiddle about before you produce the unexpected card. As in the hand below, do your thinking before you play from dummy; make up your mind that, *whatever* Z plays, you will drop your king—then drop it without hesitation. If you hesitate when it becomes your own turn to play, the opponent may, and probably will, tumble to your "funny" play, and consequently will not respond as you want him to. In the following case, the success of the coup depends on no fewer than three things: (1) that the original lead was from four spades only; (2) that both the missing diamond honours are not in Y's hand; (3) that Z, after his ace of spades, returns the suit. Despite these three necessary conditions, the coup should be made, since nothing can be lost by it, and it gives the only chance of making contract.

Spades—10, 4, 3, 2. Clubs—A, K, 9, 8, 7.
Hearts—Kn, 2. Diamonds—5, 4.
B (dummy)

Y		Z
Spades—Q, Kn, 9, 8.		Spades—A, 5.
Hearts—10, 9, 3.	Y Z	Hearts—Q, 7, 6, 5, 4.
Clubs—Q, 10, 2.		Clubs—Kn, 6, 5, 4.
Diamonds—K, 7, 6.		Diamonds—Q, 2.

A (player)
Spades—K, 7, 6. Clubs—3.
Hearts—A, K, 8. Diamonds—A, Kn, 10, 9, 8, 3.

A bid one no-trump; B, two clubs; A, three no-trumps—an optimistic bid. However, we are concerned with the play. Y led the queen of spades, and A could see but six certain tricks; his one and only hope is that diamonds break kindly, when he will make five diamonds, one spade, one club, and two hearts; but to set up the diamond suit he will have to lead twice from dummy. Dummy, however, has only one card of entry, unless he can establish that ten of spades, and obviously nothing can be lost by trying to, if given the chance. Z put the ace on partner's queen of spades, and A quickly dropped the king. Z led back the five, and the ten became top. So A was able to lead diamonds twice from the table and made his contract. A small spade played at trick one puts him one, if not two down for sure.

Here is another example. It is not a genuine coup, because the play is definitely marked and must succeed—there is no condition that opponent must respond nicely; here he *must* do what 's wanted—

Spades—6, 5, 4. Clubs—K, 2.
Hearts—Q, 3, 2. Diamonds—K, Q, Kn, 3, 2.
B (dummy)

Y		Z
Spades—Kn, 10.		Spades—9, 8, 7.
Hearts—A, 10, 9, 8.	Y Z	Hearts—Kn, 7, 6, 5.
Clubs—A, Q, 3.		Clubs—Kn, 10, 9.
Diamonds—7, 6, 5, 4.		Diamonds—10, 9, 8.

A (player)
Spades—A, K, Q, 3, 2. Clubs—8, 7, 6, 5, 4.
Hearts—K, 4. Diamonds—A.

The bidding was: A, one spade; B, two diamonds; A, two spades; B, two no-trumps; A, four spades.

Y led the ace and another heart. A won with the king, and played ace, king of spades, Y dropping ten, knave. A next led ace of diamonds, followed by the *two of spades*! Z is now on lead, and no matter what he does, A can lose but one more trick, the ace of clubs. I said this coup must succeed, but actually there is no "must" about it; if Y has false-carded with his ten-knave of spades and holds the nine as well, he will be on lead at trick six, and would lead a club through dummy, when, if the lie of that suit is reversed, A would lose three tricks in clubs and be one down. I played this hand myself, and am showing it, not because there is anything to brag about, but rather to give an example of making a sort of coup which actually is unnecessary, and loses a trick as the cards lie. You will see that dummy's king of clubs is a safe entry, but that is just as happened, and I think you will agree that the play is sound, since once Z is given the lead, it does not matter who holds that ace of clubs—the contract is secure.

Coups, then, are nice spectacular plays, which are very satisfying when they come off. In truth, there is more joy in making a successful coup than in scoring a slam which never was there. For all that, my advice to you is to avoid coups, shun making them as you shun making a finesse; in fact, never make a coup unless (as is common to the finesse) the play is absolutely essential, and is unlikely to bring about a disaster.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, APRIL 21.

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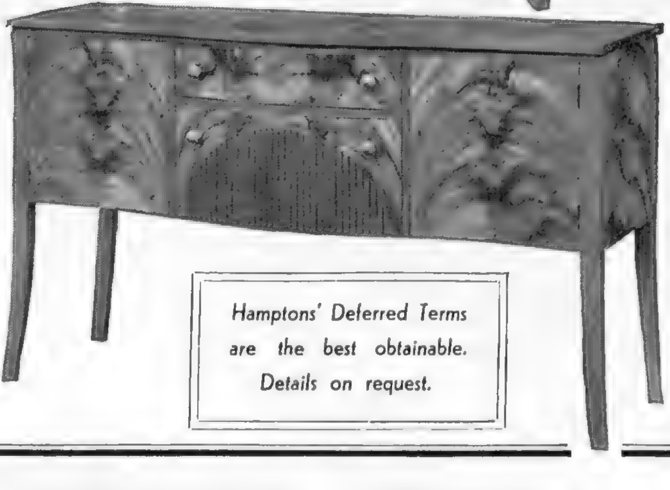

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"PAMPINELL"

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GENERAL NOTES.

THE Memorial Exhibition of works by the late Gilbert Holiday, which opened yesterday, April 27, and continues until May 28, at the Sporting Gallery, 70, Jermyn Street, is a show which no one will want to miss. Gilbert Holiday's death leaves a conspicuous gap in the first rank of sporting painters, and his paintings are appreciated by both art-lovers and sportsmen. He was the painter of the Royal Artillery *par excellence*, and in addition he was adept at picturing racing, hunting, polo, and, indeed, any sport that gave him a chance to draw horses. The Memorial Exhibition includes examples of his work in every vein.

One of the "in-aid-of" balls which calls for special attention is the dance in aid of the Friends of the Poor, fixed for May 3 at 53, Prince's Gate, lent by Mrs. Francis Abel-Smith for the second year in succession. This ball has always been a very popular affair, and the coming one will be honoured by the presence of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester. Lady Carisbrooke is once more president, and the Duchess of Rutland a most active chairman. The vice-chairmen include young Viscountess Maitland; and Lady Louis Mountbatten and Lady May Abel-Smith are among those who have taken tickets. These are obtainable at 42, Ebury Street, the headquarters of the Friends of the Poor.

H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester is to be present at the dinner at the Guildhall on May 4 in aid of the National Association of Boys' Clubs. This will be a brilliant occasion, as the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Lord and Lady Desborough, and many other notable people, including overseas visitors to the Coronation, will attend. Mr. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia, is to be the principal speaker.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"HOME AND BEAUTY" (Adelphi). 8.15.—A mad week-end light-operatically revued. Wit and satire by stars.

"SWING ALONG" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Good scenes; good music; good dancing; Leslie Henson on top form.

"JANE EYRE" (Aldwych). 8.30.—Curigwen Lewis and Reginald Tate in the Brontë thriller.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40. — Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne with a thrilling finish.

"MILE AWAY MURDER" (Duchess). 8.30.—Murder—but how? D. A. Clarke-Smith runs away with it.

"HENRY V." (Old Vic). 8.—Imaginatively produced, with Laurence Olivier and Jessica Tandy.

"THE SQUEAKER" (Strand). 8.30.—A real good Edgar Wallace. A newspaper reporter acts the sleuth.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"SUSPECT" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—Strange, grim sequel to a "Not Proven" verdict. Acting excellent.

"BIG BUSINESS" (London Hippodrome). 8.15.—A Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, and Wylie Watson combination.

"WISE TO-MORROW" (Lyric). 8.30.—Theatrical career rather than marriage.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Haymarket). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"THE TWO BOUQUETS" (Garrick). 8.30.—A Victorian comedy with music.

"CARELESS RAPTURE" (Drury Lane). 8.—Ivor Novello's new big spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare.

"THE FROG" (Prince's). 8.10.—All the Edgar Wallace thrills in one, adapted by Ian Hay.

"OVER SHE GOES" (Saville). 8.15.—Slick fooling by Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"OUR FIGHTING NAVY" (Plaza).—A rousing tribute to the Senior Service.

"LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli).—Ronald Colman finds Utopia.

"THE GOOD EARTH" (Palace Theatre).—Paul Muni and Luise Rainer in an impressive adaptation of a famous novel.

"ELEPHANT BOY" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Rudyard Kipling's saga of the elephants realistically filmed.

"LLOYD'S OF LONDON" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—The romantic history of insurance, starring Madeleine Carroll and Tyrone Power.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"BURGTHEATER" (Academy).—A Viennese back-stage drama of youth and age.

"THAT GIRL FROM PARIS" (Carlton).—Lily Pons as a runaway prima donna.

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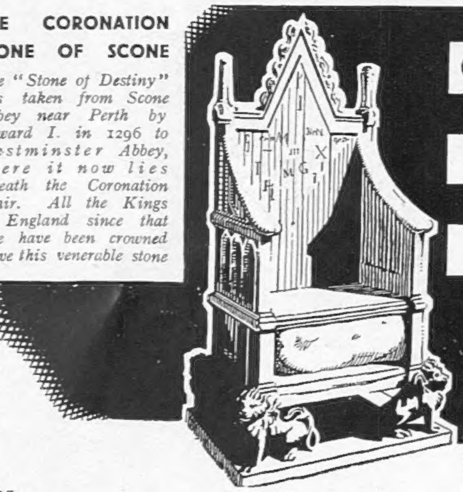

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